PA

Jack Star's grandfather, grandmother, and aunt (at left) remained in czarist Russia in the tiny town of Koristishev after his father, Boris Star, emigrated to America and later married Leah. The Stars are shown (at right) in a 1930 photograph.

by Jack Star *From Russia to the West Side: The good life of Boris Star*

It is 20 years since my father, Boris Star, died. I called him Pa, and I miss him. My career as a magazine writer is due in no small part to his curiosity, liveliness, and fascination with the workings of life—attributes he attempted to pass along to me in the thousands of conversations we carried on in the 1920s and '30s while I was growing up on the South and West sides of Chicago.

(1) I remember Pa as he was in my childhood, a tall man for those days, six foot one, but ashamed of his height because it made him stand out and so he was inclined to stoop. He had thick, jet-black, curly hair, a medium-size dark mustache, and pearly white teeth so strong that he could crack almond shells with them. He switched easily from (2) language to language—Yiddish, English, Russian, Ukrainian, and even some Polish. His French was elementary, a bit of the patois of Quebec liberally larded with French-Canadian cusswords. He spoke these tongues, except for Yiddish, with the heaviness of an alien accent.

(3) Besides his shame about being tall, Pa seemed ashamed about the foreignness of the name Boris and signed himself only as "B. Star." His name was in fact Russian—Staroselsky. He was born on May 7, 1876, in the tiny Ukrainian town of Koristishev, not far from Kiev, the provincial capital.

(4) For the five million Jews in the czarist empire, life had always been hard. In 1791 the czarina Catherine II established the "Pale of Settlement," restricting Jews, with rare exceptions, to 25 provinces. The idea was to isolate them as alien heathen so that they could not contaminate true Russians. Few were permitted to live in such vital centers as Moscow or St. Petersburg. In 1835 there were only 11 Jews among Russia's 1,906 university students; in 1840, only 48 among 80,017 primary and secondary pupils. In my father's time, the number of Jews in higher schools was kept down by a quota system that limited them to as little as two percent. Since there were few government appointments for Jews in teaching or civil service (and these were confined to positions in the Jewish community), Jews gravitated to law and medicine, and the harsh quotas were then

My father's youth was marred by Russian anti-Semitism and a lack of economic opportunity.

In Russia, Pa's future wife, Leah (left), is photographed with a friend.

applied singly to these academic departments rather than to the university population as a whole.

Fewer than five percent of the Jews counted in an 1897 census worked in civil service and the professions. Because Jews were then forbidden to move to the countryside, only some two percent were farmers. For the most part Jews scratched out their living as day laborers and in such crafts as tailoring and shoemaking. By today's standards half of the Jews would have qualified for welfare; indeed, half of them did depend on the charity of fellow Jews, particularly for the seders of Passover week.

Savage anti-Semitism was deeply rooted in the Russian people. Even intellectuals like Fyodor Dostoyevsky, who peculiarly described himself as no enemy of the Jews, wrote in his *Diary of a Writer:* "The Jew and his bank now dominate everything: Europe and the Enlightenment, the whole civilization, especially socialism, for with its help the Jew will eradicate Christianity and destroy the Christian civilization. Then nothing is left but anarchy. The Jew will command everything."

Konstantin Petrovich Pobedonostsev, overprocurator of the Holy Synod, advised Czar Alexander III (1881-94) that the only solution to the Jewish question was for one-third of the Jews to emigrate, one-third to become Christians, and one-third to die.

Pobedonostsev was only stating in numerical niceties what had been czarist policy for some time. In 1827 military service was imposed, requiring many Jews reaching their 18th birthday to serve for 25 years (!) as conscripts, usually in far-off Siberia. In a confidential memo Czar Nicholas I wrote: "The chief benefit to be derived from the drafting of the Jews is the certainty that it will move them most effectively to change their religion." Rewards were paid to young soldiers who submitted to baptism. Official kidnapers (called *khappers,* Yiddish for "grabbers") seized children, some as young as eight, and marched them off to distant camps where they could neither observe the Jewish Sabbath nor eat kosher food.

Jail sentences of convicted criminals were reduced if the offenders converted to Christianity. In 1836 Czar Nicholas ordered the censorship of Jewish books, to make sure that they contained no statements against Christianity or the czar; many books were banned outright.

In 1880, when my father was nearly five, Czar Alexander II's assassination was falsely blamed on the Jews. Race riots called pogroms swept the Ukraine, and police and Cossack troops joined the rioters for two days in raping, killing, and looting, not returning order until the third day.

The pogrom was to become a fixture of Jewish life in Russia. In 1895, when my father was 19, the Russian secret service concocted a tale of a Jewish plot to take over the world that was later published under the title *Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion.* This exacerbated the situation, as did the persistent reports that Jews killed Gentile children and used (and even drank) their blood in religious ceremonies. In 1903, in Kishinev, 45 Jews were slain and hundreds injured in a two-day riot instigated by a government-subsidized local newspaper. In 1905, when my father was 29, some 650 Jewish communities suffered pogroms, with 1,000 dead and nearly 8,000 injured in one week; in Odessa, where Pa had been living only the year before, 300 of the city's 160,000 Jews were killed. Members of Jewish defense groups were arrested.

Except for the pogroms, Koristishev was a placid town on the Dnieper River. My father's home was a small farm with a cherry orchard, a few cows and horses, and the family business: a brickyard with several kilns operated by a handful of Christian peasants who were delighted at the chance to earn a living.

"We got along very well with our peasant neighbors except when Easter came around," Pa would reminisce. "Then they would start drinking vodka, and sooner or later someone would suggest that they 'go get the Christ killers.' They would rush down the dusty street, stopping to throw a stone through an occasional window. Then one of the *muzhiks* would surge forward and maybe stab a Jew's cow with a rusty bayonet. Another would beat up Grandpa. A third would chase through the garden after 12-year-old Sister. A few days later, sobered up, they would be saying good morning once again to their Jewish acquaintances."

In the Ukraine 83 percent of the population could not read; the Jews, on the other hand, paid a *melamed,* a religion instructor, to teach their children reading, writing, Russian, and the Hebrew Bible. School for my father was a 12-hour affair, from nine in the morning to nine at night, and learning was by rote, with the class chanting in unison. "The *melamed* did not hesitate to slap our hands or faces if he thought we weren't learning," Pa told me.

Considering that my father had only six years of formal education, I thought the *melamed* had done quite well. Seventy years later Pa was reading the *Sun-Times, Time, Look,* the *Jewish Daily Forward,* and occasionally a book in Yiddish or English; he knew enough math to have been a businessman and the treasurer of several fraternal organizations.

School for my father ended at 13 and a lifetime of work began. "You know what *I* had to do when I was *your* age," my father told me again and again after I became 13. "I had to wheel around a very heavy wheelbarrow filled with bricks."

My father's unpaid labor lasted until he was 18, when the army drafted him for a period of military service that by then had been reduced to four years. Assigned to a Cossack division, he rode a horse in an artillery

In Chicago, Rose and Morris have their pictures taken on the West Side. An itinerant photographer even put Rose in a goat cart!

brigade and, like a typical Russian farm boy, took no guff from his mount. "When the horse kicked me while I was saddling him, I hit him only once with my fist between the eyes and the horse sank to the ground," he told me years later. "I never had any more trouble." My father's horsemanship was so excellent that he had no difficulty maneuvering his skittish steed and simultaneously blowing into a big bass horn as a member of the division band. The band gave him an insight into the Russian aristocracy. "We used to play for the officers and their wives at balls," he reminisced. "The men looked so elegant in their red sashes and tunics covered with medals; the women were so beautiful." He sighed; Russians are romantic.

In Lodz, a Polish city where his division had its winter quarters, my father lost his innocence. He told me: "The prostitutes carried bedrolls on their backs. If you came to an agreement with them, they would spread the pallet on the wooden sidewalk, lie down on it, and pull up their long dresses. Our battery commander was a strange man for an officer. He would call out to one of his men: 'Heh, Ivan, I pay for you!' and he would pull out the few kopecks a whore demanded. The only thing was that he insisted on watching, beating out the one-two rhythm on his boots with a whip: *'Raz, dva! Raz, dva!'* "

Oddly enough, the army was a liberating experience for my father. He discovered that the Russian Orthodox chaplain would lend him books, and he eagerly made his way through Turgenev, Dostoyevsky, Chekhov, Pushkin, Lermontov, and Gogol. For Pa the Enlightenment was heady after *shtetl* life, and, declaring himself a *fraydenker*, a freethinker who challenged Orthodox beliefs, he became the first Jew in his family, probably since before the time of Moses, to shave off his beard.

Curiously, his father, a man with a terrible temper and a long, distinguished beard, didn't seem to mind this apostasy. My grandfather, after whom I was named Jacob Leib, *was* concerned with how he could get a hard-to-obtain firearm to defend the household against *pogromchiks*. My soldier father obliged, saving his bread ration, trading it for vodka, and trading that for a small revolver. The gun served its purpose. When a drunken mob approached my grandfather's house, Jacob Leib stood on the porch waving the weapon he had never before fired, holding it uncertainly in his right hand. "Maybe I can't kill all of you, but I'll kill the first three of you sons of bitches!" he roared. The mob kept coming. Grandfather fired and the bullet punctured his left hand, which he had been waving at the mob. Stunned by the bloodshed, the drunken peasants turned away and lurched on to the next house.

Returning to Koristishev on his discharge from the army, my father found country life stultifying—even though his father entrusted him with the bribing of government officials who came to measure the depth of gravel the brickyard workmen were laying on rural roads. A centimeter saved meant the difference between profit and loss, something that Cook County contractors also knew in 1898.

Bored, my father made his way to the Black Sea metropolis of Odessa and was enjoying life there in 1904 when war with Japan broke out. He knew that, as a reservist, he would be called back to the colors. Jewish soldiers fought eagerly and disproportionately for the czar in that war and in World War One. But my father had had it with Russian anti-Semitism and the lack of economic opportunity. He bought a steamship ticket for only $20 (so many Jews were fleeing Russia's pogroms that a transportation price war had broken out) and, leaving his family and his fiancée, Bertha, he took a train to Hangö, now in Finland but then Russia's westernmost port. Despite his fears that military *khappers* would stop him, he boarded a ship for Hull, England, caught a train to Liverpool, and continued on another ship to Montreal—all for the $20. "Jack, it was wonderful!" he used to reminisce. "They had oranges, as many as you wanted, aboard those ships!"

Canadian immigration laws were more relaxed than those in the United States, but they were still strict about a dreaded eye infection called trachoma that is now easily treated with tetracycline. All the Jews aboard Pa's ship were put inside a barbed-wire compound as suspected carriers. My father, the *fraydenker* and self-proclaimed socialist, waited until the guards had turned their backs and then led a group of men in tearing an opening through the barbed wire. The next morning he was at work in downtown Montreal. With 50 cents he rented a cart and pulled it through the streets, collecting scrap metal and waste paper, which he sold to a junk dealer. When he had enough money, he rented a horse and wagon for two dollars a day and extended his collecting expeditions to farmyards as far away as New York State.

When the junk business waned, Pa became a laborer, laying track across the wide prairies for the Canadian Pacific Railroad. "It was very cold," he told me. "At night our wash water would freeze in the roadside shacks where we slept. To keep warm I would team up with a big French Canadian (the bigger, the warmer), and we would clasp one another through the night so we could share our body heat. By day, the same big French Canadian and I might fight—not with our fists, but by ramming our wheelbarrows together. The noise was terrific."

When he had saved enough money, my

father sent for his fiancée in Russia, and they were married. My brother, Morris, was born in Canada soon after, in November 1906; the next month my father became a British subject. A number of Staroselskys, now called Star, were beginning to show up in Chicago, and in 1909 my father decided to join them, no problem for a Canadian. He and Bertha found a cold-water flat heated by coal stoves at 724 South Hermitage Avenue, practically in the shadow of West Side Park, the Cubs' old playing field. My sister, Rose, was born there. The outpatient psychiatric center of Rush–Presbyterian–St. Luke's Medical Center stands there today.

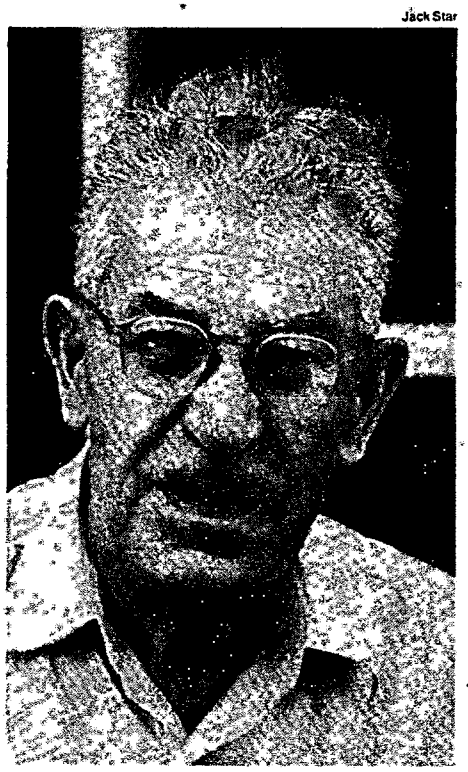
For a while my father worked as a pick-and-shovel laborer in the stone quarries near Chicago. Then he went into business for himself, buying a dozen blankets at wholesale, throwing them over his shoulder, and hawking them door to door. He saved his money and, during World War One, was able to rent a one-time saloon at 59th and Racine and open a dry-goods store, selling bolts of cloth, shirts, and spools of thread. The Star family lived in cramped quarters "back of the store." In 1918 a terrible tragedy struck. Influenza swept the world in the worst epidemic since the Black Death. More than 20 million persons perished within a few months, 548,000 of them in the United States. My father's wife was one of the victims.

Well-meaning relatives encouraged my father to find a stepmother for his children, and soon friends introduced him to a slim, dark-haired woman with the implausible name of Sara Leah Belazerkowsky Gorodetsky. Widowed and having lost her only child to disease, she was a *landsman* (from the same province) who had come to Chicago in 1914. A nimble-fingered seamstress, she operated a sewing machine in a dress factory. The courtship was short and practical rather than romantic; after the wedding my father rented a first-floor apartment next door to the store, and his wife helped wait on trade. I soon arrived on the scene, delivered at Chicago Lying-in Hospital by Dr. Joseph Bolivar De Lee, the father of modern obstetrics. My early memories are pleasant.

Back of the store, in an alley stable, my father kept George the horse, the placid, swaybacked nag that pulled Pa's red delivery van. I have distinct memories of riding way high up in the open seat behind the horse, with my brother at the reins, on the way to Marshall Field Wholesale to pick up some merchandise.

After George came a Model T Ford, and my memories of it and my father's self-taught driving are less sanguine. Pa was among the worst drivers I have ever known. He drove a car as though he were driving a horse. It must have been in 1925 when my father failed to stop at a Western Avenue railroad crossing as the gates were being lowered. In those days there were no automatic gates; they were operated by hand by railroad employees who had lost a finger or an arm as brakemen or freight conductors. Much to my youthful astonishment, my father paid no attention to a chugging steam train that was approaching and crashed through two sets of wooden crossing gates. The train barely missed us. Slamming on the brakes on the other side of the tracks, my father halted his Model T and impatiently waited for the train to pass. "You so-and-so!" he shouted at the astonished crossing guard. "You nearly killed us." The best defense is a good offense. The railroad paid for car repairs instead of my father's paying for new crossing gates.

Jack Star



Pa, still vigorous in his 80s

In 1926 we moved to the West Side, to the Bohemian-fringed neighborhood of 16th and Karlov, and Pa went into a new business as an installment dealer. This was the beginning in Chicago of selling furniture and clothing on credit. My father, and perhaps 75 like-minded recent Russian Jewish immigrants, banded together as independent merchants to form a cooperative that built a three-story building at 1000 West Roosevelt Road. They rented space to wholesale furniture and clothing dealers and brought their customers there. In retrospect my father's business acumen seems marginal. If a dining-room set cost him, say, $450, he would double that amount and charge his customer $900. This sounds like a generous profit, but most customers took two or three years to repay their debt with a small down payment and weekly installments. They paid no interest except for the small amount included in the doubled wholesale price.

Inevitably, my father skated on the thin ice of high finance. I remember driving with him in his Chevrolet coupe (he had traded his Model T after Henry Ford subsidized a Michigan newspaper that railed against "the international Jewish conspiracy" and even reprinted the *Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion*) to the South Side to call on a delinquent customer. Pa disappeared into a bungalow and emerged with a handful of still-damp bath towels he had repossessed. What do you do with used bath towels? You wash them and use them in your own bathroom.

The deepening Depression affected even my father's most conscientious customers, like Mrs. Swanson, a thin, elderly Swedish immigrant who owed my father $200 for a bedroom set and couldn't pay. When my mother became ill, Mrs. Swanson came over twice a week to scrub our floors. My father deducted five dollars from her debt for each day worked—a generous wage for those times.

We economized. My father even removed half of the light bulbs from their sockets. But he didn't unplug the Philco, and we listened in the darkness to the rantings of Father Charles E. Coughlin, the Michigan priest, who blamed the Depression on the Jews. The forces of darkness seemed to be getting closer. Pa sold his Chevrolet, contending that he could do just as well on the streetcar. Soon the streetcar trips became infrequent. We owed Joe Kost, the grocer across the street, $175 in long-overdue bills. Kost finally cut off our credit. That night there was a long discussion in Russian, the secret language in our house. The president of my father's company had shot himself in a room he had rented in the old Morrison Hotel downtown. The next day my father applied for relief.

In those days welfare clients received mainly food staples. My mother looked around fearfully as a furniture truck leased by the welfare people dropped off a large cardboard box; she was afraid that the neighbors would recognize the box for what it was. Inside were three kinds of beans, peas, and lentils. My mother cried as she cooked them. The culture in which she was reared placed much value on food preparation.

My parents looked around for household articles they could pawn or sell. My mother had raised a beautiful rubber plant from a shoot six inches tall to a six-foot tree. Weekly, she had insisted that we lug it into the bathroom for a lukewarm shower. "That's like nature," she would say, sponging its leaves with milk. She cried when we carried it down to the beauty shop in the basement and sold it for two dollars. The two dollars bought food.

Strange as it may seem, life in the Depression was not entirely grim. My father's routine shows this. He would rise about 4:30 or five a.m. and put a kettle on the stove. When the water had boiled he would pour it into a tall glass, Russian-style, and add the juice of a lemon. About this time I would be

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PA (continued from page 158)

Pa learned his English by listening, and this could get him into trouble.

awakened by the grating noise of his coffee grinder and the smell of oatmeal.

Breakfast was a sacred time, highlighted by the arrival at the back porch of the *Jewish Daily Forward*. Socialist in tone, the *Forward* was edited in New York by a remarkable Russian immigrant named Abraham Cahan (the author of *The Rise of David Levinsky*), but had a branch printing plant and editorial office in the heart of Chicago's Jewish West Side, at 13th and Kedzie. Founded just before the turn of the century, the newspaper used Yiddish, the mother tongue of its 250,000 readers, to exhort them to join unions. It also served as a guidebook to the strange American ways. One of its most popular features was "A Bintel Brief" ("A Bundle of Letters"), in which the *Forward*'s editors answered their readers' questions. This example will give you the idea:

> Dear Editor:
> For a long time I worked in a shop with a Gentile girl, and we began to go out together and fell in love. We agreed that I would remain a Jew and she a Christian. But after we had been married for a year, I realized that it would not work.
>
> I began to notice that whenever one of my Jewish friends comes to the house, she is displeased. Worse yet, when she sees me reading a Jewish newspaper her face changes color. She says nothing but I can see that she has changed. I feel that she is very unhappy with me although I know she loves me. She will soon become a mother, and she is more dependent on me than ever.
>
> She used to be quite liberal, but lately she is being drawn back to the Christian religion. She gets up early Sunday mornings, runs to church, and comes home with eyes swollen from crying. When we pass a church now and then she trembles.
>
> Dear Editor, advise me what to do now. I could never convert, and there's no hope for me to keep her from going to church. What can we do now?
>
> Thankfully,
> A Reader
>
> *Answer:*
> *Unfortunately, we often hear of such tragedies, which stem from marriages between people of different worlds. It's possible that if this couple were to move to a Jewish neighborhood, the young man might have more influence on his wife.*

I am sure that Ann Landers must have read "A Bintel Brief," or had it read to her, as a child in Sioux City, Iowa.

By the time I was ready for breakfast, at seven a.m., my father could hardly wait to give me a briefing in Yiddish about the world news. In later years he was not averse to reading English-language newspapers. Though Pa was quite bright, he had learned his English by listening, and this sometimes got him into trouble. When I was away in the army in World War Two, my wife, Dorothy, lived with my parents. Pa approached Dorothy diffidently one day and said: "You should excuse me, but could a newspaper like the *Tribune* use the word 'shit' in an editorial?" My wife grabbed the newspaper from his hands. The *Chicago Times* and the Roosevelt-hating *Tribune* had been differing sharply over the conduct of the war. This day the *Tribune*'s editorial was particularly sharp. The *Times*, it declared, was nothing but a dirty.... "The word is 'dirty *s-h-e-e-t*,' Pa," Dorothy told my father. He sighed with relief. Russians believe in the niceties.

The *Forward*, which my father preferred to the *Tribune*, was a spokesman for the Jewish fraternal organization that through the years had become the center of my father's life. Called the Workmen's Circle, it gave my father at least three meetings a week to attend. His favorite was the Open Forum, at which subjects of national and international importance were discussed. My father loved to question the guest speakers forcefully. I remember the young reporter from the *Chicago Daily News* who delivered a rather fatuous lecture on the importance of a free press. My father could hardly wait for the question period to get his licks in. "Why is it," he demanded, "that your newspaper prints *all lies*?" The reporter hurriedly took another question and then excused himself to cover "an important assignment."

The West Side branches of the Workmen's Circle met in a hulk of a building at Ogden and Kedzie called the Labor Lyceum. The Lyceum's auditorium was the center of Jewish theatre in Chicago, and my father was a great fan. He was especially fond of the great Yiddish actor Jacob Ben-Ami, and I remember my father taking me by the hand and hurrying me to the theatre. "Jack, you'll see, he's wonderful," my father promised. "In the second act he comes home unexpected and, you'll excuse me, he finds his wife in bed with another man. Ben-Ami turns green with jealousy." Sure enough, in the second act, scene three, Ben-Ami turned green as advertised; an electrician threw a green spotlight on him. The Yiddish theatre was noted for its literal-mindedness.

Religion also occupied some of Pa's time, although, as a *fraydenker*, he scorned persons he regarded as religious zealots. Sometimes he was particularly theatrical. When I was six and presumably entering the age of reason, my father called me over to the dining-room table and showed me his *tefillin*. These are small black leather boxes attached to leather straps; inside the boxes are four passages from the Bible. *Tefillin* are worn by male Jews for daily prayers. My father had received his as a gift from his father when he was bar mitzvah at the age of 13.

Placing the *tefillin* in a large ashtray, Pa pulled over a box of long wooden kitchen matches and attempted to set the leather cases afire. A stink like that of scorched flesh permeated the room, but the *tefillin* refused to burn. Finally Pa threw them into a wastebasket.

But just as persons who have had their legs amputated still feel ghost pains in their toes, my father felt the tug of religiosity. On Yom Kippur, the solemn Day of Atonement, he usually walked over to one of the many synagogues on Independence Boulevard and rubbed shoulders with the worshipers. He said that he admired the golden voices of the big-league cantors who sang on such occasions. For a short while he even tried hanging around the shabby Koristishever Synagogue, which had been newly installed on the first floor of an Albany Avenue brownstone by *landsmen* recently arrived from the Soviet Union. Who can say if it was solely news from home that he was seeking?

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My father was 86 when he died in the BMZ Orthodox Jewish Home for the Aged on Albany Avenue. He had shared a room there with his wife, Mina, a widow from Vienna, whom he had married a year after my mother died in 1946 from cancer. Pa lived at the home for only eight months and chafed at the requirement that he wear a *yarmulke*, the skullcap that must be worn by religious Jewish men at all times. "But I do it out of respect for the people who live here, who believe in it," he told me.

An odd thing happened on the evening of the day he died. By nightfall I was bone tired. I had made two round trips between my south suburban home and the funeral parlor 40 miles to the north, and I was reluctant to make a third trip with Pa's suit, which the undertaker needed to dress him. "It's all right," the undertaker said. "I can provide him with a simple linen garment." I said it was OK.

The casket was open for the wake, and I was astonished to see that my father had been provided with a white *yarmulke*, a *talis*, or prayer shawl, and *takhrikhim*, white cloth burial shrouds, the costume in death of an Orthodox Jew. One of my father's nonbelieving cronies from the Workmen's Circle was also astonished. "That's a hell of a thing you did to your father, dressing him up like that," the man objected. "Your dad didn't believe in stuff like that. He was a socialist."

Of course, I have no way of knowing how my father would have felt about what had been done to him. But I am sure he would regard me as effusive for describing him now as a *tzaddik*, the Hebrew word for a righteous man. The Talmud says that by their acts 36 righteous men in each generation keep the world in existence. Whatever his beliefs, Pa made it possible for my world to exist. I miss him. ■

The Article so paralleled the stories I had been told of my father's life that it evoked the following coded comments which started as points of difference but evolved into reminiscences.

(1) My father was a short, stocky, black curly hair, reddish mustache, little teeth with which he cracked nearly all fruit pits and never want to a dentist & had a tooth ache (incidentally I don't remember him ever drinking a glass of milk).

(2) He spoke yiddish, Russian and Polish as well as English with an accent (funny).

(3) At first used "Ike" as given name but in later years started using "Isaac".

Born 10/27/78 in Kiev.

(4) I was told Jews could live in Kiev - a very holy city historically - only by special permission, altho Ekaterinoslav (5) (now Dnepropetrovsk) a city about 100 miles south of Kiev on Dnepr River where my mother was born and raised, there seemed to be no restriction on Jewish residence.

(5) I remember my father talking about "khapfers" and saying, I believe, that his father was so caught as a young boy. He was a happy character, my father's father, he seemed to have traveled with my father & brother to many countries in the ~~near~~ Near East. I heard mostly of Turkey. The half brother eventually wound up in South Africa, Johannesburg I believe.

(6) My mother spoke of the Pogroms - perhaps 1895, 1903 and in between. Her family apparently had good relations with their Gentile neighbors, and she told how they took her family in and protected them.

(7) My father's only education in Russia was a few years, probably 5 or 6 in Jewish cheder, for in addition to Jewish he could read the Scriptures in Hebrew. He went to night school a short time in America and learned to read and write broken English, but he was quite good with arithmetic which he mentally did in his head. I'm sure he couldn't do long division on paper, at least I never saw him do it. Yet he ran a business figuring costs, expenses, selling price etc.

Except for some night school and Jewish community school classes where she learned to read and write English a bit my mother had no formal education at all. She could read and write Russian fairly well.

Both too were readers of Jewish Daily Forward which I also read as a child.

(8) For some unexplained reason my father was not drafted into the army at 18 or 21 but at 24 when the Russo-Japanese war broke out and when he was already a married man with 2 children - my sister, almost 3 and I about 2 mos. old. Somehow he escaped from the assembly camp - probably bribery of a guard - which apparently was not too uncommon, returned home to Ekaterinoslav, took the family to Kiev to visit his mother and left on a long, hazardous trip to America, bought from and arranged by "border runners" the Russo-Jewish equivalent of the Mexican-US underground railway.

They started in the fall of 1905, about September, arrived in London about November and after 6 weeks in London left for the United States arriving New Years Eve. They two took ship from Liverpool to Halifax and the train to Chicago via Detroit port of entry.

As my father told it so many times the trip was almost an unbelievable, harrowing adventure story. On their first attempt to steal across the border ~~from~~ between Russia and Galicia (part of Austria) conducted by their runner my father carrying my sister

got across. My mother carrying me was slower and was caught by the border patrol. The soldiers started shouting and the dogs barking so my father altho an army deserter during wartime came back and they were all taken to the nearby army camp. Fortunately, thanks to the as yet non existence of computers, my father's status as a deserter was not communicated to the camp and after a few days his rumors arranged another crossing attempt. Taken out of camp they traveled on foot ~~[illegible]~~ during late night to a more distant place where the border ran through a forest and this time they crossed uneventfully - more or less; and they were out of Russia.

My mother had her own legitimate passport. My father was traveling with the passport of my mother's cousin and pretending to be that. They were to travel from the border to Hamburg where they were to take ship to London. En route they were helped by the Jewish communities all would have gone well except my father had trachoma in his eyes (the disease mentioned in the article) and they were continuously being detained while treatment was administered. They finally reached Hamburg and crossed the choppy North Sea to London, ~~during~~ during which my mother was very sick the entire time.

In London, with assistance of Jews in the East end my father immediately started to buy raw materials and make suit cases (his trade in Russia) and selling them in the London Sunday morning market - which mother and I visited when in London (Maiden Lane?). The "manufacturing" was done in the flat they occupied - 1 room, I understand. My mother couldn't stand the climate of London in November and after 6 weeks they embarked from Liverpool to Halifax.

In Chicago they came to my father's half brother (same mother, different father) whose last name was Lebousky, the name my father took. Arriving just before New Years Eve my father was given a supply of horns and similar items and taken downtown to peddle them.

(9) His first job was in a suit case factory where he earned $5- for a 60 or 58 hour week. However he never held a job very long because he was always getting into fights with his fellow workers, and so after 5 or 6 years he went into the business manufacturing suit cases, with invested capital of $60 cents I am told.

The shop led to combination shop and retail stores ~~where~~ where luggage, ladies handbags and eventually even some sporting goods were sold.

Although the business always had a cash flow problem, the family lived comfortably. There was always enough food and the family were well clothed, except my ~~mom~~ father whom I literally never knew to buy himself a new suit or coat. They were always second hand items he bought from his customers on the west side.

And so things progressed to where our station could be called lower middle class. When the post World War I boom burst things started down. My father lost his business and became a wholesale salesman of luggage, making a living - just. But by this time I already had finished law school and was contributing to the support of the family. I do not mean that we were poor or in need. Nevertheless in his last 10 years my father's fortunes went down hill but he never lost his humour, his earthiness or his love of life.

Never having known him to be sick, in 1940 he developed a cancer of the bowel which spread to his lungs and in January 1941 he died.

From the Czarist Underground

the early chapters of . . . . .

From The Czarist and Communist Underground

By Mark Khinoy

Published 1965

Excerpted and Translated from the Yiddish by Paul Tannenbaum

Edited and With an Introduction By Andrew Khinoy

1979

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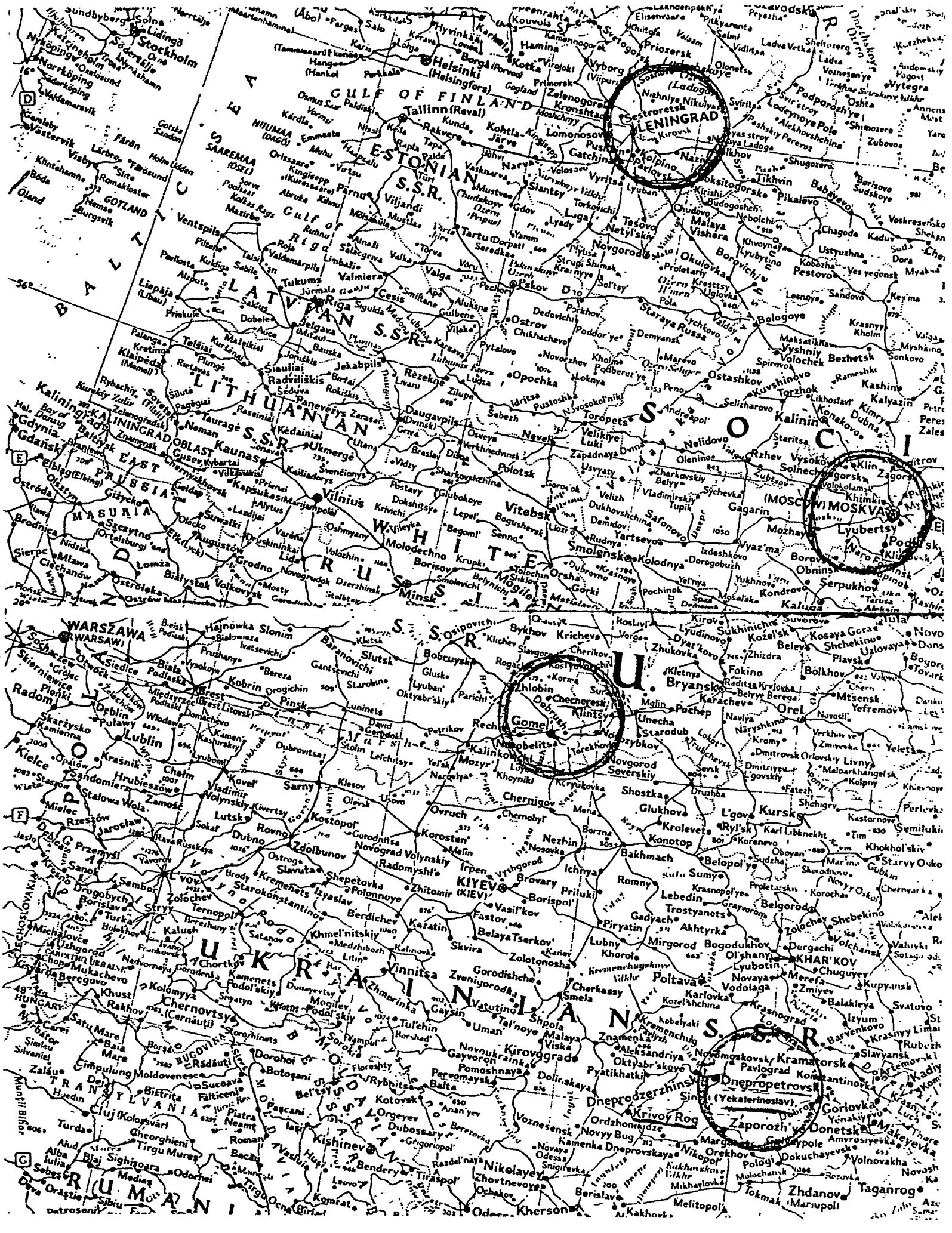
Mark Khinoy's Russia



my grandmother's sister
Dodi aunt

Dunya Aronovna Zharzhevskaya, her eyes firm with revolutionary fervor, as she appeared in 1905, presumably in Moscow.

Wearing a moujik's outfit of cap, blouse and pants stuffed into boots — and carrying a sack slung over his shoulder — the 23-year-old fugitive Mark Samuelovich Khinoy posed for a tintype photograph in 1907 during his hazardous escape from the Turukhansk prison complex in Siberia.

Introduction

DEAR STEPHAN, DIANA LOUISE AND DIANA MARGARET:

On a spring day in the year of the Bicentennial, in her parents' apartment on upper West End Avenue in Manhattan, Diana Louise Kinoy took from a bookshelf a dark blue volume, *From the Czarist and Soviet Underground,* written in Yiddish by her grandfather, Mark Khinoy. She wished, not for the first time, that she could read his memoirs and learn more of his background — and of hers and her cousins. Perhaps a member of the generation of the troubled 1960s might find inspiration, strength and roots in her grandparents' careers as Russian revolutionaries and Social Democratic leaders.

From Diana Louise's wish, expressed to her mother, Alexandria Khinoy Kinoy, and through her to me, has emerged this labor of love, dedicated to the heritage left by Mark and Dena Khinoy. Mark's book was a collection of his articles that had been published in the *Jewish Daily Forward.* Many of the chapters dealt with Socialist-Communist ideological differences and problems of political theory before and after the Bolshevik revolution. Selected for presentation here are excerpts that focus on Mark's experiences in early life as a rebel in Czarist Russia.

The translation was made by Paul Tannenbaum, former Philadelphia manager of the *Forward,* whose invaluable effort is gratefully acknowledged. Also included are tributes to Mark and his life-partner (oh, felicitous Russian phrase!) Dena, who in her own right was an indomitable Socialist and a dedicated and altogether remarkable human being.

Mark Khinoy was born October 21, 1884, in what is now Byelorussiya, near the village of Checheresk, on the Sozh River not far from the town of Chernigov. He was named Meyer Samuelovich. His father Samuel was a timber contractor whose work kept him frequently on the move. His mother was Kouniya Feinschmid. There were four brothers, Semyon (Samuel), Mark (Meyer), Joseph and Nahum, and four sisters, Esther, Anya, Liza and Fania. Fania and her husband Lifshitz were active Communists before and after the 1917 revolution, but in 1934 during the Stalin-era purges, were exiled to Central Asia, where they died in the harsh times of 1934. Liza's husband Misha (I don't know the last name) was a Trotzkyite who was exiled to Siberia, where he died. I know little about Semyon or Joseph. Nahum, who became an engineer, settled in Riga, Latvia; as an old man he managed to visit Israel, and had great difficulty with Soviet officialdom before he was permitted to return to Riga, where he died. His daughter Ida Chertok had a son Pavel, a civil engineer specializing in municipal water systems, who suffered privations during World II, Ida and Pavel were last reported in Rome in 1975 en route to Israel. Anya became a doctor in Moscow.

Mark was a bright and promising scholar. In each town where the family settled, Checheresk, Zuravichi, Belitza, Novobelitsa and the big town of Gomel, he studied at the local "cheder," and mastered secular subjects as well, so much so that in Novobelitsa he won a scholarship to a Russian government church-controlled "stadt-school," a rare achievement for a Jew. After graduation he was apprenticed to an apothecary (all his life he retained an interest in drugs, disease and health). Gomel, where Mark's family made its more or less permanent home, was an industrial city. Today it is the capital of the Gomel region of the Byelorussiya Soviet Socialist Republic. Before World War II it had a population of 140,000, of whom about 60,000 were Jewish. Gomel was among the cities that suffered the full force of the Nazi invasion of Russia — at least 25 per cent of the people perished; most of the others were transported east.

When Mark was fifteen he left home and moved to Vilna (Vilnius), at that time in Russian Poland and now in Soviet Lithuania, where he learned the printer's trade and joined the revolutionary movement in that city.

Russia was bubbling with social ferment at the end of the nineteenth century. The industrial revolution had come late to Russia. Emancipation of the serfs had been proclaimed less than half a century earlier, and still was not a universal fact. The winds of revolutionary change, carrying promise of freedom and hope, were sweeping across the steppes and the towns. The ideas of Jefferson and Franklin, of Marx and Engels, of Tolstoy and Dostoievsky, of Bakunin and Plekhanov — all were part of the idiom of intellectuals and literate workers. (One may find an interesting coincidence in the title of Mark's book, *From the Czarist and Soviet Underground,* and Dostoievsky's early work, *Notes From the Underground.*) The old habits of class distinction — aristocrat and commoner, landowner and peasant, bourgeoisie and intelligentsiya — persisted. The official Czarist dossiers of Mark and Dena describe them as "meshchanini" — members of the lower middle class. The Russian Orthodox Church was the state religion, and religious persecution was widely practiced. The Jews were emerging timidly from the ghetto and moving out from beyond the Pale. Yiddish culture, Socialist theory, Zionist beginnings — ideas tumbled forth in excited profusion and competed for attention. The anti-Jewish pogroms of the 1880s — and their resurgence in 1903 and 1904 at Gomel and Yekaterinoslav, as well as other places — spread terror and confusion, but also developed a spirit of resistance among the Jews. Hundreds of thousands emigrated to America. Others stayed as long as possible, hoping to shape a new destiny of freedom in Mother Russia. The Romanoff dynasty — rich, corrupt, autocratic and decadent — sought to muzzle the unrest with tyranny, secret police, imprisonment, religious persecution and exile to Siberia for the political dissenters.

Life in a Czarist prison or in Siberian exile was sparse and usually harsh, but escape from a Siberian prison camp complex was possible for daring souls. Political prisoners were segregated from criminal prisoners and often given special privileges. If they were fortunate they might encounter lenient prison officers who gave them the opportunity to study, write and conduct political discussions in the bleak, frigid camps. One author has said: "The Czarist prisons were the university of the revolution."

At the age of seventeen, Mark Khinoy, typesetter and ardent member of the illegal Russian Social Democratic Workers Party (R.S.D.R.P.), was sent by the party from Vilna to Yekaterinoslav, an industrial city of about 200,000 on the Dnieper River in the Ukraine. Yekaterinoslav was founded in 1787 by Catherine II, and after the defeat of the Turks was named in her honor. Now it's known as Dnepropetrovsk.

Mark was arrested four times, and exiled twice to Siberia. In 1906 he was exiled from Yekaterinoslav to the prov-

ince of Tobol'sk, in central Siberia on the Irtysh River not far from Omsk, a major station on the Trans-Siberian Railroad. He escaped and returned to European Russia. Two years later, he was arrested in St. Petersburg, convicted and exiled to Turukhansk, in northeastern Siberia on the Yenisey River 2,600 miles northeast of Moscow and situated in the Arctic Circle region not far from the Arctic Ocean — in winter the average temperature is 40 degrees below zero. But Mark, disguised as a Russian peasant, escaped upriver by steamer to Krasnoyarsk, thence by way of the Trans-Siberian Railroad to Novosibirsk, Omsk, Kuibyshev and St. Petersburg, where he rejoined Dena. Alexandria gives this vivid account of their last arrest:

"Dad and Mother were arrested at the same time. Dad's passport was a valid one (although not in his name). Mother's, however, was not. (Incidentally, her passport alias was Alexandra Phillipovna Poznysh. That's where my name came from.) Mother refused to tell the police her real name, because if she had, they would have known immediately who Dad really was — and of course they would learn that he had escaped from Siberia. She said she would tell them her name only after they let Dad go. The police agreed, and of course he immediately left Russia for Paris. I think *fled* is more appropriate than *emigrated.*

"Mother was imprisoned in the prison of Peter and Paul, where I was born. No official birth certificate except one issued later in Gomel. (Note that Mother's Czarist dossier lists her as having been a prisoner in the Lithuanian Fortress—Litovsky Turma.—A.K.) I don't know just when she was released. However, she was forbidden to return to Yekaterinoslav, so she went to Dad's family in Gomel. From Dad's documents, you can see that in December 1908 (when I was born) he was already in Paris. Mother traveled with me, by train, third class, from Gomel to Paris.

(In Paris, Mark worked as typesetter and translator, and proudly kept in his possession the letters of reference from his employers in Paris. The young family lived at 4, rue des Mignottes, 19th arrondisement, and 7, rue de Simonet, near the Place d'Italie. The Khinoys remained ardent revolutionaries: a family tradition is that the Bolshevik leader Lenin held the baby "Shura" (Alexandria) on his knee while he engaged in a heated discussion between Menshevik and Bolshevik exiles. In 1974, on a visit to Paris, we found the apartment house on rue de Simonet still standing and inhabited. — A.K.)

"Dad, Mother and I left Paris late in 1913 to join Mother's sisters in Chicago. We evidently sailed from Glasgow in November 1913 on the S.S. Cameronia, and according to punched holes on the ship's health inspection card traveled 10 days. About twenty years later, when I was assisting in the kindergarten at Brooklyn Ethical, we took the class to visit a fruit boat at a Brooklyn pier. Imagine my amazement to find myself aboard the S.S. Cameronia!"

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In Chicago, where Dena's sisters had settled, they lived on the North Side, at 1422 North Tallman Avenue and at 1430 North Hoyne Avenue. Among my early memories are the outside wooden staircase and back porches of the wooden tenement house, the upright piano from the top of which I tumbled and cracked my head, and a grocery next door to our house, from which I pinched apples from an open crate. Grownups gathered in the parlor of the flat and sipped hot tea from glasses while they argued about the Russian revolution.

Mark worked as a printer at the Sears, Roebuck catalog printing plant, and meanwhile developed a reputation as a Menshevik leader of unquestioned integrity. During the early years of World War I the Czarist regime sent a mission to the United States to purchase arms and munitions. Mark told us that he had been asked to supervise a phase of the project, because the government felt he wouldn't line his own pockets as so many arms agents did. But he and Dena refused — they would not compromise their anti-capitalist principles.

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Khinoy (Khinoi, Kinoy, Chinoy, Khinnyi) is an unusual name for a Jew. It was said to mean either "Chinese" or "from the Orient," the meaning depending upon whether the language of the speaker was Russian or Polish. Mark stated that all Khinoys had originated in the same village in the Gomel region, and all were from the same family. Alex and her husband Robert Kinoy are third or fourth cousins.

Mark was fond of relating the tradition that the Khinoys were descendants of the rulers of the Khazar kingdom that had flourished on the northeastern shores of the Black Sea between the seventh and tenth centuries A. D. The ruling kings had employed Jews as their advisers and administrators, and according to the Columbia Encyclopedia converted the country en masse to Judaism in the eighth or ninth centuries, as a compromise between the rival religious and political pressures of Islam and Christianity. Arthur Koestler's book, *The Thirteenth Tribe*, presents the controversial theory that most of the East European (Ashkenazic) Jews were descended from dispersed Khazars — rather than from the Sephardic Jews of Holy Land origin — and hence that the Zionists' claim to the Biblical land of Israel is of dubious historical validity. , Whatever the merits of this argument, the Khinoys can claim descent from ancient nobility!

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In 1921 the family moved to New York in response to an offer by Abraham Cahan that Mark join the staff of the *Jewish Daily Forward.* Dena and Mark's first concern was to seek out the best possible education for their children, regardless of the difficulties. So it came about that while the family lived in a tenement at 20 East 106th Street, Alexandria and Andrew, scholarship students, trudged across Central Park every day to attend the Ethical Culture School at 33 Central Park West, at 63d Street. And when Mark bought a home in a housing development in Sunnyside Gardens, Long Island City, the children continued to attend E.C.S., even after the high school moved to Riverdale in far northern Bronx.

It was at Sunnyside Gardens that Dena became a heroine of a "rent strike" that was to be poignantly recalled at the funeral services held for her in 1941. Middle income people had bought homes in Sunnyside Gardens on the understanding that it was a planned community whose public-spirited developers, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt among them, had organized a limited-dividend corporation, the City Housing Corp. During the Great Depression of the 1930s home buyers could not keep up the payments on their mortgages, which were held by the Equitable Life Assurance Association. They banded together and petitioned for reduction in their interest and mortgage payments. Equitable refused, and started foreclosing the mortgages and evicting the householders. The embattled Sunnysiders organized a strike movement in 1933. Dena was one of the leaders, who resisted with picketing, peti-

tions to officials, court actions, and sit-in strikes. For nearly three years the controversy raged, boiling to full steam in 1936. In that year more than twenty householders were evicted forcibly by sheriff's deputies. "At one point," Alex recalls, "we were to be evicted from our one-family house (at 3956 47th Street). Deputy sheriffs came to the door, but Mother wouldn't budge from the house, nor let them remove any of the furniture. Two men carried her bodily out of the house. She struggled so much that they dropped her on the front steps. Apparently injured and in shock, she was taken by ambulance to a Queens hospital. The resistance of the Sunnyside Gardens women received sympathetic coverage in the press. Fortunately, there was no injury to Mother other than bruises. Who or what intervened, I don't recall, but our furniture was put back into the house, and soon afterward Equitable suspended all evictions."

(The eviction may have taken place at the three-family house across the street, at 3957 47th Street, where we had moved in the early 30s. — A.K.)

The news report (included herein) of the funeral services for Dena in 1941 states that among the mourners were "a group of Irish women whom she helped to save their homes in Sunnyside" and that one of the speakers at the services was Miss Garry of the Sunnyside Gardens Community Association.

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Yekaterinoslav, Dunya's home city, is the scene of the principal action in "Years in Secret Printing Plants," the section which makes up the bulk of this transcription of Mark's memoirs. It was in Yekaterinoslav that Mark met his future wife Dunya Aronovna Zharjevskaya, dark-eyed, petite and beautiful in face and character. She was born August 2, 1883, the daughter of Aron Zharjevsky, a painting contractor, and his wife Genya Rosenblatt Zharjevskaya. A photo of the Zharjevsky family and the journeymen painters and apprentices appeared in a Sunday gravure edition of the *Forward* in the 1920s. It was a large and formidable group of solid citizens dressed for the photographer in their Sabbath best. The Zharjevskys had two sons, Yacov and Pavel; and six sisters, Dasha (who married Boris Taslitzky), Doba (who married Boruch Cherniak), Belyuta (who married Joseph Levin), Rose (who married Isaac Lebovsky-Myer), Dunya (Dena), and Nadya, the youngest (who married Volodya (William) Quitt.

David Zarge, Yacov's son, has given me information about the Zharjevsky home in Yekaterinoslav. Aron Zharjevsky was a master painter who had done a number of important projects, including the local military barracks and the city hall. The family had a "nice big home and yard"; Dave remembers the apple orchard because he played in it and was chased from the trees by his grandmother Genya. The house was on Petersburg Ulitsa (Street) in the Novoya Planne ("new development") section.

Dasha, Belyuta, Rose and Nadya preceded Dena (Dunya) to America. It's altogether likely that the sisters helped pay the ship's passage of the Khinoy family. All but Nadya went to Chicago; Nadya settled in Baltimore, where her husband, Dr. William Quitt, was a practicing dentist and formerly a Communist.

Dasha and Boris Taslitzky — the last name was subsequently shortened and Americanized — were the parents of David Tasler (who died in 1976), Joseph, Norton, Leo and Ninah. Doba Cherniak was the mother of Nina and another girl, and of a son Nunya. Belyuta Levin had Ida Levin Edelberg and a son Abe. Ida's daughter was Renee Raganum. Rose and Isaac Lebovsky were the parents of Meyer Myer, Edward Myer (my favorite cousins) and Ida Bleicher Scheckman. Ida had a son Powell Bleicher, who died as a young man. (There is a Dave Shapiro somewhere in the family annals — I think he was the son of Nadya, and he married a Cherniak daughter.)

The Zharjevskys claimed as a cousin Gregor Piatigorsky, the world-renowned cellist, who came from Yekaterinoslav. Grusha Zharjevsky, first cousin of Dave Zarge's father, was a Kapellmeister in the Czarist army and composer of a band song popular during the Russo-Japanese war, "Proshchai" (Good-by). (In 1968 Alexandria received a letter of condolence from Harry Zar (formerly Grusha Zarjevsky, presumably a nephew of Dena.) MNadya Neroslavskaya, Dena's cousin, was a popular soprano of the Yiddish operetta stage both in Russia and the United States. Her sister was Lubya. Nadya's niece Dora was the wife of Ilya Trilling, a composer-conductor prominent in the Yiddish musical theater.

Yacov, Dave Zarge's father, was a city hall administrator. After his wife Rose died in 1916, Yacov married her sister Lyova. In the years after the 1917 Revolution they moved to Rostov, and were wiped out when the Germans invaded Russia in World War II. A brother of Dave's, Yuda, fled to Tashkent, where he was reported still alive at the age of 84. Motya, a textile engineer in Leningrad, is 80.

Dave Zarge was a member of the Red Guards during the civil war after the Russian revolution. As a machine-gunner he led the heroic defense of a bridge in Bessarabia near the Dnieper River, and was rewarded by being accepted into the Cheka, the all-powerful Bolshevik secret police. Sent by Dzerzhinsky, the dreaded commander, on a secret mission through the enemy lines to Sevastopol in the Crimea, Dave made his way to Constantinople, and ultimately to the United States, which he reached on Memorial Day in 1921. David Zarge at 78 is retired and living in Florida with his wife Sarah. Their children, Herbert, Ruth and Martin, live with their families in the Philadelphia area. In May of 1979 David and Sarah celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding.

my grandmother lived with us from 1953 onward

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EPITAPH

Mark and Dena are buried in Mount Carmel Cemetery, Queens, in separate sections of the Workmen's Circle plots. Dena, who died in 1941, lies in the second row of Section No.1, in the so-called "pantheon" among notables of the Jewish Socialist and labor movement. Mark, whose death occurred in 1968, lies in another part of the cemetery, in Section No. 3.

On Dena's headstone are carved the flaming torch of

freedom, the symbol of the Socialists, and beneath it this inscription:

DENA KHINOY
Aug. 2, 1883
Feb.9, 1941
BELOVED
WIFE AND MOTHER
LOYAL FRIEND
AND VALIANT FIGHTER
FOR SOCIAL DEMOCRACY

The inscription on Mark's stone reads:

MARK
KHINOY
BELOVED HUSBAND
DEVOTED FATHER
AND GRANDFATHER
October 21, 1884
April 18, 1968

The sky is brilliant blue, the song of birds is heard faintly across the hill. In the background is the distant hum of automobiles on the parkway. All around stretch the columned army of monuments to those who fought to realize their vision of a better world.

May you, the grandchildren of Mark and Dena, carry on the good fight.

With love,
ANDREW KHINOY

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SHORT BIOGRAPHY OF MARK KHINOY AS IT APPEARED
IN THE LEXICON OF YIDDISH LITERATURE, vol. 5, pp. 395-396.

Mark Khinoy, Socialist, journalist and former Russian revolutionary, was born October 21, 1884, in the village of Checheresk in the timber lands of the Zuravicher district of the Chernigover region in the Ukraine. His father was a timber contractor who traveled a great deal from town to town with his family. He studied in a *"kheder"* (religious school) in the small towns of Checheresk, Zuravichi and Belitze, all in Mogilev province. After graduation from the Russian government-school (*"stadt schul"*) in Novobelitzi, near Gomel, he worked in an apothecary (pharmacy), where he studied to become a pharmacist.

In 1899 he went to Vilna (then in Lithuania), where he became a typesetter and joined the revolutionary movement. As a representative of the Social-Democratic party he organized illegal printing shops in Yekaterinoslav and other cities of southern Russia. He held various posts in the party, and contributed articles to its illegal publications.

In 1905 he became a member of the Yekaterinoslav Council (Soviet) of Workers' Deputies, and in the summer of 1906 became secretary of the legal *Verein* (association) of the Municipal Workers and Employees of Moscow.

He was arrested four times by the Czarist police, twice in Yekaterinoslav and once each in Moscow and St. Petersburg (which later became Petrograd and Leningrad). His last arrest occurred in 1908 while he was working in the printing department of the Ministry of Internal Affairs — with the consent of the party — under the fictitious name of K. Lemberg, as a manager of the Linotype machines in a secret printing establishment of the ministry.

Mark Khinoy was twice exiled to Siberia, and each time he escaped. At the end of 1908 he made his way to Paris, where he worked as a typesetter (for Gaumont) and then as a translator of French and Russian publications.

At the same time he was active in the Russian Social-Democratic party and wrote many articles for French propaganda periodicals.

In 1913 he and his family came to America and settled in Chicago, where he got a job in the Sears, Roebuck & Co. catalogue print shop. From 1914 to 1917 he was secretary of the editorial department of the Chicago edition of the Russian Socialist daily *Novy Mir* (New World). After the Russian revolution of February-March 1917, he became executive secretary of the Middle West Conference of Emigrant Organizations (Russian, Jewish, Polish, Lettish, Lithuanian and Finnish), which supported the Kerensky regime. He helped organize the return to Russia of the political emigres, but after the October (Bolshevik) revolution of 1917 he severed all connections with the Novy Mir and the Russian Federation of the American Socialist party, which had fallen under the domination of the Bolshevik element.

In 1918 he became a contributor to the New York Menshevik weekly publication, *Narodnaya Gazetta*; and in 1919, to the non-party Russian newspaper *Svobodnaya Rossiya* (Free Russia).

He came to New York in 1921 at the invitation of

Abe Cahan, editor of the Jewish Daily Forward, and began his journalistic career in Yiddish. Under the pen name of S. Midovich he published in the Forward a series of articles about the state of the Socialist and Communist movements throughout the world. He became a permanent staff member of the newspaper, where he later was promoted to the post of editorial writer. He also became a permanent staff contributor and member of the editorial board of the *Wecker*, the organ of the Jewish Socialist Verband of America. He wrote about international politics, problems of the workers' movement in the world, social-economic and political conditions in Soviet Russia, and the theory and practice of Communism. He also contributed to the New York Socialist English-language weekly *New Leader*, of which he was a staff member from 1933 to 1938. He was a regular contributor to the Russian Menshevik journal *Sozialisticheski Vestnik* (New York), in which he wrote about American problems.

In 1934, after a long visit to the Soviet Union, where he interviewed many Old Bolsheviks and former comrades, he wrote a series of 40 articles in the Forward. These articles created a sensation in the Socialist world. They were reprinted in the Jewish press of a number of other countries and were translated in English, Swedish, German and Russian emigre newspapers. He also wrote under the pen names of K. Lemberg, L. Markin, M. Samuelov, and L. Berg.

(His wife, Dunya Zargevsky, whom he married in Yekaterinoslav, died in 1941. They had two children, Alexandria K. Kinoy, and Andrew. His second wife was Helen Simpson, from whom he was divorced after he had adopted her daughter Jocelyn. In 1950 he married Clara Rosenfeld, widow of the Yiddish poet and playwright Jonah Rosenfeld.)

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Years in Secret Printing Plants

By Mark Khinoy

THE COMMITTEE ORDERS ME TO STEAL TYPE

At that time I was working in a small printing plant in Yekaterinoslav owned by the Hershkovich brothers. Leaving the shop in a hurry one day, I was stopped on the sidewalk by a handsome, broad-shouldered, well-dressed man.

"Are you Mark Sasha the Gomel typesetter?"

I nod my head. He quietly informs me that he has come on a important mission.

"From whom?" I ask.

"From the old man Nahum the shoemaker." That would be Nahum Einbinder, who lives in the Fabrichne Slobodka section.

The stranger is the extreme opposite of how I imagine a professional revolutionary should look. He is tall, well-built, elegantly dressed, perhaps a year or so older than myself. I look at him suspiciously and convey the impression that it is the first time that I have heard the name Nahum the Shoemaker. I hurry away, trying to get rid of him.

He attempts to assure me that he is not misleading me; Nahum cannot come to see me personally today and the code name "Mark Sasha the Gomel typesetter" should be sufficient proof that he has really been delegated by Nahum and that the matter is very important.

"Nahum and his friends are in urgent need of printer's type and it's extremely important that he get it immediately," the stranger says. "Nahum believes that you will not refuse to help us in this matter."

At this point I decided to break my silence. "There must be some misunderstanding," I said. "I don't know anyone by this name. I never met him, never heard of him. Even if I did know him, I would definitely decline the honor of becoming a thief."

"A thief?"

"Yes, a thief!" No printing shop would dare sell type without the permission of a government inspector who supervises all printing plants to make sure no printing equipment gets into illegal hands. The inspector has an exact record of the type each print shop acquires or buys. "Goodby, we have nothing more to talk about."

In spite of his smile, he clearly realizes that I suspect he is a spy or provocateur. He assures me that he will see me again in a few days — and he certainly kept his word.

During the next two days, I decided to visit Nahum Einbinder, or the "Old Man" as his numerous pupils, the Russian workers of the large steel factories, called him. Perhaps he had sent the stranger to contact me.

I took a leisurely walk on the Yekaterinsky Prospekt, and boarded a streetcar that brought me to Ozerny Bazaar. There I mingled for a while with the large crowds. When I convinced myself that no one was following me in the Fabrichne Slobodka section, I entered Nahum's shop, carrying a pair of old shoes in my hand.

As it turned out Nahum was expecting me. He already knew about his emissary's first failure. He told me that his organization could not get along any more without its own printing shop and that the Central Committee, knowing that one of its cells had a typesetter among its members, had instructed him to find out if this typesetter could help obtain the necessary type.

He said that he could not risk a trip downtown

himself, and he therefore had asked another member of the "Center," a new man in town, to contact me. He gave him the code name that was known only to me and Nahum, thinking that this would serve as sufficient identification.

Under a different set of circumstances such an arrangement would have been sufficient, but stealing type for a secret illegal printing shop is a matter that should not be entrusted to a youngster who just a month before marked his seventeenth birthday; emphatically so because this youngster never had any dealings with the gendarmes and no one could tell how he would behave if arrested.

My arguments evidently made an impression on Nahum; nevertheless he insisted on his request. Finally I had to give in, and I consented to meet the comrade, "Maxim," once more.

Maxim confronted me on the sidewalk near my shop. We agreed that every afternoon he would enter the courtyard of the printing shop, turn left until he reached the lavatory, which consisted of two cabins. In one, on a ledge above the door he would find a package of type. I chose this unusual plan because I believed that children could not reach this height and that adults had no business looking there.

This conspiracy began in October 1901 and continued for several weeks. Every afternoon at a given time I placed the package of type in the prearranged spot and a little while later Maxim removed it. In case the package wasn't there, as sometimes happened, he would understand that I couldn't place it that afternoon and he would call for it the next day. Only once did I observe Maxim entering the courtyard and that was from a distance.

In time I figured that I had given him enough type to print even large posters *(proklamatziya)*. I then made up the last package and in it I included a printed note that read: "That is all." I was sure he'd understand. I felt that my mission was fulfilled and hoped that the "Old Man" would not call on me any more.

My hope, however, was illusory. A few days later Nahum sent me a message that he wanted to see me. At our next meeting he informed me that the Committee had found a place to set up our illegal printing shop and that a man and a woman had consented to take charge of it. Posing as husband and wife, and carrying a false passport, the "couple" already had bought furniture and moved into the shop.

"Why are you telling me all this?", I asked.

"Well," he replied, "the typesetter from Vilna who promised to work for us did not arrive. He got stuck somewhere on the way. In the meantime, events are happening in the city. We must have our printing at once. The print shop we have, but we cannot make use of it. The members of the committee therefore instructed me to appeal to you that you visit the shop tomorrow after working hours and see if everything is in proper order. We want to make certain that when the time comes to use the shop, there will no obstacle whatsoever."

I must admit that my first reaction to his proposal was a complete emotional acceptance. For almost two years now I had been dreaming of the moment when I'd be able to actually take part in the freedom struggle that the youth of my generation was waging against the brutal tyranny of the czars. Up to now I had only given minor help. Einbinder's offer gave me the opportunity to do something real and useful. Also, perhaps, I felt that when such an opportunity was offered to a seventeen-year-old boy it was indeed a great honor which one should not reject.

With mixed feelings of fear and pride, I went to meet the man who was to lead me to the printing shop. Einbinder told me that this man would wait for me and that he would be sitting on a predesignated bench on the Gogolevsky Boulevard. Nahum tore a newspaper in two, gave me one-half, which I was to hold folded in my hand. The other half he would give to the man I was to meet. The stranger would be tall, slim, about thirty-five years of age. I was to follow him at a distance until he entered the house in which the printshop was located.

Everything went smoothly. When the man with the torn newspaper in his hand saw me, he got up from the bench and started walking down the street. I followed him until he reached the last house. I went into the courtyard after him, My guide was at the entrance to a second small house at the end of the yard, and there he waited.

As I entered the house I was pleasantly surprised. The so-called "wife" of the caretaker, who was a baker by trade, was an acquaintance of mine, Anyuta Zeldin. She was young and intelligent, an energetic propagandist and the leader of several cells in the movement. Almost all of her pupils were in love with her, and I, the youngest, was no exception. She came from Kremenchuk, where, her *landsleit* told me, she was the daughter of one of the richest Jewish merchants in the town. She was a graduate of a foreign university with the degree of doctor of philosophy.

She thought that she could make herself useful in this illegal printing shop, but clandestine life in an underground shop was not suited to her vivacious and stormy nature. She was always the center of attraction during debates, discussions and lively parties with friends and fellow revolutionaries. The hard life in an undercover print shop was not for her, I thought, but I kept my thoughts to myself. After all, I was only a temporary guest here.

Eventually she, too, came to the same conclusion but lacked the courage to admit it. In a few weeks the organizer of this project also reached the same conclusion. His name was Mark Makadzhub, a member of the "Ilya Ilyitch" committee who later gained fame in party circles as "Fanin," the author of an important work on organizational and technical problems in the revolutionary movement.

A newcomer to the city, he had accepted the recommendations of the older members, and as a result of their requests, he had selected Anyuta Zeldin as the manager of the shop.

To get back to my first visit with the doctor of philosophy and her "husband" Lazar the baker, I take the liberty to note that both were happy to see me and both assisted me in my work enthusiastically.

Ilya Ilyitch knew more about the technicalities of the printing trade than one might have expected from a Jewish intellectual who only recently had left the benches of an Odessa institution of learning. He also provided us with a small flat-bed printing press that was perfectly suited to our work. One advantage of this press was the fact that if we got warning of a raid, the press could be quickly dismantled and carried under our clothing to a safer place.

Since this old primitive press followed me around to a half-dozen other undercover shops in Yekaterinoslav, Amur, Rostov-on-the Don, and Nachichevan, it deserves the honor of being mentioned here. In spite of its simple construction, the press made it possible for us to print 4,000 to 5,000 large proclamation-posters a day, an average of about 500 copies an hour. Later I learned that except for two or three shops, all the secret printing shops in Czarist Russia were provided with similar presses.

On the surface, everything seemed to be in proper order. I brought with me printing ink from the Hershnovitch plant, the housekeeper-manager brought paper, and the type had been smuggled in. But our organizer, Mark Makadzhub, forgot to provide one "minor" item — a type case. I was compelled to spread the pieces of type on the table, sort them according to the alphabet and place each letter in a separate envelope, marking each with the letter it contained. Before leaving the shop that evening, I told the manager in no uncertain terms that he must get a type case without fail, and one that could be taken apart and reassembled.

I was certain that this would be my last visit here, but a few days later the committee was informed that the typesetter from Vilna whom the comrades had promised to send us had disappeared along the way. The committee was once more compelled to send for me.

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The new call for my services came suddenly and unexpectedly, direct from the illegal to the legal printing plant. The messenger was Maxim Lithograf, who stopped me immediately after work with the message that *they* were waiting for me with supper in the undercover printing shop and that I must not waste time eating in a restaurant. Something very important had come in and it must be printed that night.

The students of the technological high school (Gorny Institute) had issued a hectographed leaflet calling on the population to participate in a public demonstration protesting government decrees against students in most of the universities. The demonstration was to take place on the Yekaterininsky Prospekt.

The Social Democratic Central Committee had resolved to participate in this demonstration. The written appeal was ready and it had to be set up and printed at once. The proclamation was a short one, and it did not take long to type-set it. But the printing of two thousand copies took exactly four hours.

A number of leaflets had to be delivered to an undercover dwelling. From there they were forwarded to the suburbs of Keidaki, Chechelevka, Amur and Nizhni-Dneprovsk. The remainder, which I carried under my raincoat, were delivered by me late that night to another secret dwelling where the distributors received them the next morning and spread them throughout the city.

But the majority of the inhabitants found out about the demonstration, not from our leaflet, but by reading the large posters that the city governor, Count von Keller, a lieutenant general of the Russian General Staff, ordered posted in all major streets. The posters informed the population that "disloyal persons," opponents of the government, were calling the people to a public demonstration on Saturday and Sunday, December 15th and 16th, and that he Count von Keller, would use all means,even the most extreme, in order to disperse these demonstrators. (Quoted from the book *Yekaterinoslav,* page 307, published by Soviet historians in 1923.)

THE FIRST POLITICAL DEMONSTRATION IN YEKATERINOSLAV

Because of the diversity of geographical and industrial locations, the Social Democratic Committee and the student leadership of the Gorny Institute decided to hold two demonstrations instead of one — Saturday and Sunday — both on the spacious Yekaterininsky Prospekt and both near the Governor's Palace. These facts were emphasized in the posters issued by the two organizations.

This was done upon the insistence of the student leadership. They expected that the students and employees of the small shops in the city's Jewish neighborhoods would stage their own impressive demonstration on Saturday the 15th, and that the thousands of workers in the steel factories in the industrial suburbs, who worked on Saturday, would take part in large numbers in Sunday's demonstration.

The committees, however, did not take into account the fact that the governor and the chief of police were in a position to mobilize a strong force if necessary that could easily wreck our plans.

And so it happened. The governor and his aides mobilized an army of soldiers and Cossacks. His Excellency personally instructed them how to handle the "enemies" of the Czar's government. The "dress rehearsal" took place before the demonstration. Appearing on the boulevard on horseback, the governor bellowed a roaring command to the innocent bystanders and pedestrians to clear the boulevard immediately, which they did obediently and at once.

The actual demonstration presented a different scene. The demonstrators raised a red banner and continued their march shouting, "Down with the Czar's rule!"

At this moment a brutal and rough-shod attack erupted. The drunken Cossacks, who had been issued vodka before the attack, indiscriminately used their whips and rifle butts on the heads and bodies of the

demonstrators. The students replied with sticks and stones, injuring many Cossacks. This further infuriated the Cossacks, who like wild beasts rode their horses over the demonstrators.

Suddenly a woman's screams pierced through the tumultuous air. The woman held her hand over her naked and bleeding breast, which was slashed by a Cossack's whip.

The Saturday demonstration of the students and Jewish workers did not last long. The uneven battle between them and the attackers was over in fifteen minutes. The drunken hooligans of the Czar dragged away the beaten and bleeding victims to prisons and hospitals.

First reports spread like wildfire that several students had died as a result of their wounds, but that was not confirmed. The student Korin, who was severely injured and taken unconscious to a hospital, was successfully treated by three doctors dispatched to the hospital by the governor himself. A week later, most of those arrested during the demonstration, including student Korin, were freed. The latter recovered completely after he was incapacitated for three weeks, according to a report published in our journal *Iskra* (Spark).

For the second demonstration Sunday, the military and civil authorities increased their preparations. The three main avenues that led from the industrial suburbs to the center of the city were blocked by soldiers. All efforts to penetrate the military blockade were fruitless. The few hundred Christian workers who somehow slipped through the blockade were dispersed easily by the military.

All this did not prevent the workers of Yekaterinoslav from demonstrating once more against the Czarist government six weeks later, and this time it was a success.

The leaders of the committee prevailed upon me to remain on the job a few more weeks until arrival of the printer promised us by the Vilna Bundists. But he never arrived, and we never found out what had happened to him. As for myself, I did not enjoy the risk of an arreest for working in an undercover printing shop, but I consented to continue until another printer was found.

In the meantime, something unexpected happened. We were suddenly ordered to close our shop, liquidate it completely, because our "security agent," Ilya Ilyitch, suspected that a spy was prowling around our shop, and the culprit who had unwittingly led the spy to our shop, we were given to understand, was our not so secretive manager and propagandist with the diploma of doctor of philosophy, Anyuta Zeldin.

However, it turned out that she was not at fault. The police did not learn the whereabouts of our shop. According to a report of the secret police, they attempted to locate us during the night of the 16th of January, 1902. They made forty-eight house raids and arrested seventeen people in whose possession they found illegal literature and posters. It was evident that the police were looking for us but had not found our location.

The committee and the people engaged in our printing shop did not know about the police report, however, and we immediately began to dismantle the shop. Comrade Lazar was heartbroken; not so, Anyuta the manager. She was perfectly satisfied with the liquidation order. No more isolation for her. The separation from friends and comrades did not suit her stormy and lively temperament. She returned to the central organization in Yekaterinoslav, where she was active for many years.

And so we closed the shop. The type, the printing press, the paper, the ink and all other supplies were moved to temporary quarters. Two days later we again moved our equipment, this time to a permanent place situated in an outlying district on the left bank of the River Dnieper in the suburb of Amur. This neighborhood was inhabited mostly by Gentile workers and former farmers whom we were unable to interest in the revolutionary movement. For that reason the Czarist police paid little attention to this district.

Our new place consisted of a large room occupied by a midwife from Vilna, a Social Democrat named Manya Gennikes. With her was her husband, who had escaped from exile in Siberia after having been arrested in Vilna and Moscow.

The new manager of the shop was, according to his false passport, Samuel Weiner. His real name was Michael Sorkin, a carpenter who knew very little about the printing trade and depended heavily on my knowledge.

This time I did not reject my undercover mission, for the illegal work did not scare me any more. Probably I also was flattered by the confidence the old professional revolutionary had placed in me. In addition, the assignment gave me the opportunity to learn more about the freedom struggle and to read the latest issues of foreign revolutionary literature.

I came to Amur not as a typesetter but in the guise of a student preparing for the entrance examinations of the local school. I did not dare register with the authorities with my own passport, so I was given a false passport, though I never made use of it. The Gentile owners of the house where I rented a room never asked me for my passport.

My new quarters were located near the watchmaker's house where the midwife Manya Gennikes and her husband rented rooms. The owners did not know, of course, that an illegal printing shop was operating in their house. Even if they had found out, I doubt that they would have reported us; they probably would merely have asked us to leave.

The dwelling was very large and noisy; the owner's wife was a seamstress, and the racket of her sewing machine plus the noise caused by the watchmaker and his helper were an ideal cover-up for our work. The midwife eviidently had taken this into consideration when she permitted her husband to set up the shop in their room.

To make doubly sure that we were not discovered, we did the type-setting and the "breaking up" of the type during the evening and early morning hours,

but the printing proper was done during the day when the clattering noise all around us gave us protection. As an added precaution we placed a soft quilt under the noisy printing press.

There was another element of danger. Occasionally, women called on the midwife for advice and services. Luckily she had arranged with them to knock on the door before entering, and she would then meet them outside and invite them to the guest room where she conducted her professional affairs. We had some narrow escapes when pregnant women rushed in to see the midwife in emergencies, but Manya Gennikes always offered some ready-made excuses in order to delay the entrance of the visiting women. Fortunately, these incidents did not occur often.

In spite of the inconveniences and obstacles, we managed to give a good account of ourselves from the very first day that the shop was opened. We had many manuscripts to set up, and we turned out the work promptly. The posters were mostly of a general nature applicable to the entire city, but sometimes they were aimed at local districts and designated regions, and even at individual factories and workshops.

Within six or seven weeks we began publishing a periodic bulletin in addition to our regular output of revolutionary literature. The name of the bulletin was *Letuchny Listok*. It consisted of two, and at times, of four pages measuring 8.5 inches in width and 12.5 inches in length. Our regular run was 4,000 copies, but sometimes it was increased to 5,000 copies. During a period of six months we managed to publish eight issues, of which seven are still filed in the Archives of the Communist Party in Yekaterinoslav.

When I think of the vast amount of propaganda literature our primitive shop, with its small staff of three (to be exact, two) workers, turned out, it is no wonder that the leaders of the committee were proud of their achievement. The combined forces of the Okhranka (the Czarist secret police) and gendarmes made an all-out effort to locate us but were unsuccessful in their attempts for a number of years.

It may sound incredible but the Czarist justice department as well as the Okhranka and the gendarmes did not know about my connection with the undercover shop at the time I was arrested in Yekaterinoslav in October 1903. Thirteen months later, when my trial came up at a special session of the Kharkov court, the prosecutor officially charged: "Mark Khinoy was arrested while he was distributing proclamations issued by the Yekaterinoslav Committee. The proclamations called upon the population to overthrow the existing government."

(The above excerpt, from the official prosecutor's charge, was sent to me at my request in 1935 by the Central Soviet Archives in Moscow through the Soviet Consul-General in New York after I paid a fee of $14 in United States currency.)

ARREST OF THE ENTIRE COMMITTEE

About two weeks after we moved into our new home in Amur, we were shocked to learn that many arrests had taken place in Yekaterinoslav. As a result, we lost contact with the colleagues who did the propaganda and organizational work.

Yevgeniya Adamovich, one of the oldest active leaders of the committee, writes in her memoirs that at the beginning of 1902 (on the 16th of January, according to a report by the colonel of the gendarmes), almost all the committee members were arrested, among them W.A. Shelgunov, Henryk Malkin, Malishev, and many others. In addition, the following members were compelled to leave the city immediately after the demonstrations of the 15th and 16th of December: Mikhail Krasnoshchokov-Tobinson, Alexander Yosif (Isuf), Rosalie Samsonova Halberstadt and Ilya Ilyitch (Fanin-Makadzhub). After the party rift of 1903-1904, the last three became prominent members of the Menshevik Central Committee. Adamovich reports that all committee members were set free after six months without receiving any additional punishment.

Isolated within the narrow confines of our shop, we found out about the arrests accidentally. One day I went to the city to pick up a suitcase which I had left in the house on Kirpitchnaya Ploshchad at the other end of town. There I was told by an old neighbor, who was also a party member, that many prominent members had been among those who were arrested. And although he did not suspect that I, a young "snotnose," was an active member, he was still concerned about me. Innocent bystanders were sometimes arrested, he said. The landlady had told him that several weeks had passed since I slept in my room. He did not know the names of the arrested members.

Upon hearing his sad story I changed my plans. I left the suitcase in the old room and started immediately toward the vicinity of the railroad station at the other end of town. Making sure that no one was following, I crossed the overhead bridge that spanned the railroad yard and continued toward Nahum's workshop. On the way I met Nahum's younger brother Boris, who told me that Nahum was not under arrest and would be glad to see me.

WE LOOK FOR A NEW PLACE

Nahum assured me that the arrests would not stop the work of our printing shop.

"We are giving you a new 'contact'," he added. "Her party name is Olga. She is an intelligent, energetic worker and she is the one who will bring you the manuscripts and paper stock and in turn will receive the printed material from you. You'll have to see her at her home today. We must show the police that arrests will not stop our activities.

"Your contact's real name is Yekaterina Groman. If she is not at home, ask for her younger sister Nadezhda and tell her you wish to see her sister's hus-

band Vladimir Groman. Tell him that I sent you and if this is not sufficient, you may add that you are a typesetter. He'll understand and be glad to make your acquaintance. Go now, you look so young no one will suspect that you are a revolutionary."

About an hour and a half later I found myself in the Groman home on Zadovskaya Street. I was received by Madame Groman in a very friendly manner. She was a young beautiful blonde with a typically Russian, somewhat round face and smiling blue eyes. From the start she made a very good impression on me. As I found out later, she also favorably impressed all other colleagues who came in contact with her.

She told me that I was expected and that the patriarch of the Briansky-Chechelevke Region, the shoemaker Nahum, had assured her he would find a way for her to make contact with the printing shop. As far as the shop workers were concerned, her party name would be Olga. For all others it was Katya or Yekaterina. She said she was entrusted with the mission of providing all necessary materials for our printing shop; she didn't know our address and didn't want to know it. This was an important point.

We agreed to meet on certain days in the Ozerny Bazaar, where thousands of people came daily to buy food. Nearly all of them carried baskets on their arms. Her sister Nadya, to whom she introduced me, would meet me in prearranged spots carrying a basket filled with paper and covered with green vegetables that she would buy at the market. She would be dressed to look like a domestic. I was to carry a similar basket full of printed matter also covered with greens. We were to meet at an opportune moment, exchange baskets and leave quietly for our repective destinations; she with the basket of revolutionary literature, I with the raw material for printing purposes.

Before I left the house Katya gave me a manuscript for a new leaflet in connection with the recent arrests and asked me how soon we could print it. She added, "We must tell the workers who heard about the arrests, as well as the police authorities, that it isn't true they arrested all the important leaders."

Two days later I met Nadya at the Ozerny market and after a brief greeting we exchanged baskets and left. When we opened the basket at the shop, we found not only paper stock but also a manuscript for a new proclamation. It was written by Katya's husband, Vladimir Groman, who was a professional journalist, a statistician and economist writing for the large local newspaper *Pridneprovsky Krei*. The subject matter of the leaflet was supplied by Katya.

Vladimir and Katya were former inmates of the Czar's prisons. They had been exiled to Siberia and upon their return they lived under the surveillance of the police in the city of Simferopol in the Crimea. Katya was a member of the Yekaterinoslav committee. She was an energetic, devoted and intelligent worker, an excellent speaker and very popular with the masses. Her sister Nadya said they were natives of Vyatka Gubernaya, where their father, Piotr Duchanin, was the oldest nobleman in the district.

Several members of the Yekaterinoslav committee were opposed to Katya's admission to the committee. They were under the impression that ideologically she was not sufficiently leftist and that she was not in agreement with the policy of our journal, *Iskra*. Later it turned out that their opposition was based on wrong information.

Incidentally, the few professional revolutionaries on the committee had been also opposed to admitting such prominent workers as Martinov and Malkin. Only through the intervention of two influential party leaders, Alexander Isuf and Marya Abramovna Halberstadt, were they finally admitted. After the split between the Mensheviks and Bolsheviks, Martinov and Malkin became active leaders in the Menshevik movement.

Katya Groman was not the only intellectual in the Social Democratic Committee of that period. The real leaders of the committee were nine enlightened workers, six of whom represented the Social-Democratic element of the two factory regions and the other three, the Social-Democratic groups of the city, which were almost entirely composed of Jewish workers.

As for propaganda writers, we were limited at first to the services of the professional journalist Vladimir Groman. Several weeks later the committee appointed an additional writer in the person of Dmitri Budanov, an engineer of the Yekaterinoslav regional railroad system. His articles and proclamations were written in a popular and appealing style which made a hit even with the intelligentsia.

Under the new committee our underground shop in the Amur district operated successfully for several months. We printed propaganda material for the three regions of the large industrial center as well as the industrial district surrounding the city. We continued in this manner until it was decided to increase the number of workers in our shop. For this purpose it was resolved to rent a new place in the same neighborhood — a house containing three or four rooms — and bring in another woman who would pose as a domestic.

We arrived at this conclusion not only because the demand for work was greatly increased but also for two other reasons:

Our midwife's patients had increased in number to such an extent that Manya was often compelled to make outside visits, leaving us without a watchman. This could spell catastrophe for us. Also, her practice became so large that she often was unable to tend to the housekeeping chores and provide food for the workers. I cannot recollect how long we searched for a suitable house, but Manya finally found and rented one. It was situated in a courtyard that was shared with another house, which was the first dwelling as one entered the yard and that overlooked the street. This house was occupied by the owners, an old couple who were seldom at home during daylight hours — for which we were certainly thankful. The house that

we rented was at the rear end of the yard, and our windows and shutters faced the yard proper.

In a short time we moved the shop, and together with the machinery and materials we took with us the sign "Midwife Gennikes". Soon thereafter, I too moved in, bringing with me my "school books" aand my small wardrobe.

It took the committee several weeks to find a woman who would be willing to play the part of a domestic. Meanwhile, we were compelled to get along without a cook. This was a heavy burden on the two men in the shop but we had no alternative and made the best of it. The demand for our printing soared. We were swamped with orders.

The new and enlarged committee worked so harmoniously that even Maria Abramovna, who was so strict with herself and others, and whose opinions were respected by all concerned, could not praise enough the positive role played by the new majority of the committee, the enlightened (educated) workers of the region.

This competent, intellectual woman, whose real name was Rosalie Samsonova Halberstadt, came to Yekaterinoslav as a representative of the so-called Organizing Committee, which consisted of Iskra adherents who laid the groundwork for a conference to organize a united Social Democratic Party. Another reason her opinions were so admirably respected was that the committee consisted almost exclusively of advocates of the Iskra policy.

February of that year was marked by a number of political upheavals in many large cities including Yekaterinoslav. Our shop operated successfully in spite of the dangers and the shortage of help. The movement reached its highest peak prior to and during the demonstration of the 19th of February, when police made numerous arrests at the demonstration as well as on the day preceding it.

POLICE SEIZE IMPORTANT MANUSCRIPTS

In connection with this demonstration and its aftermath, we were ordered to print about 5,000 special leaflets. Unfortunately, about 3,000 of them were confiscated by the police. This is how it happened. The leaflet distributors were ordered to pick up their bundles at the house of our friend Ita Blachman, a cigarette maker. Immediately after the leaflets were delivered to the house, the gendarmes broke in and found about 3,000 leaflets and five persons who were to distribute them: a man named Bass and four women. The remainder of the leaflets were salvaged somehow by Yekaterina Groman and Nahum Golub and were handed out the next day among the workers of the giant Briansky plant.

(The above information is taken from the secret annual report submitted by the local chief of gendarmes to the chief of police in St. Petersburg. The report, sent out several weeks after the arrest, was published in the book *Yekaterinoslav*, issued by the Soviet Eastport publishing house in 1923.)

News of the misfortune reached us together with a note: "Must have several thousand additional bagels if the dough is intact." Fortunately, the dough (the type, of course) was still intact and we immediately printed several thousand more leaflets.

Next day, when Katya's sister Nadya came to the Ozerny Bazaar for the leaflets, she asked me to inform Michael Sorkin that Katya wanted to see him regarding a "domestic".

When Michael visited them the next day he was met by the sisters and a candidate for the position of "cook." Katya introduced her by her party name, but I don't remember it now. Her real name was Olga Levinskaya, an active worker from Odessa, where she had been first sentenced to prison in 1898. She was a seamstress by trade, an old party member with a good revolutionary record, plus high recommendations from members of the committee. Her husband was Nahum Golub, a committee member.

Since she was also active in Yekaterinoslav and the one most likely to be known to the police, it was decided that she should be the first to leave the house. She was to take the Prospect Street trolley toward the railroad station, and making sure that no police spy was on her trail, she was to leave the trolley at the railroad bridge that spans the Dnieper to Amur. At that point she was to walk slowly in order to give Michael, who would carry her suitcase, enough time to overtake her at the end of the bridge.

In addition to the suitcase filled with Olga's belongings, he also carried a number of manuscripts and a detailed report of the first Conference of All South Russian Social Democratic Organizations which had been held several weeks earlier in Yelisavetgrad — if memory doesn't mislead me. The conference had been called at the initiative of the Central South Russian organization "Yuzhni Rabochi." The report was to be printed in book form and later delivered by our agents to designated addresses in Russia and abroad.

Until they reached the bridge our plan worked well. Michael caught up with Olga and passed her at the bridge. He was sitting in a peasant's sled, whose owner had consented to bring him to the crossing to Amur. Michael was caressing his short blond beard, which was the signal that the situation was satisfactory and that he was waiting to accompany her to the shop.

While sitting in the sled, Michael noticed that our "domestic" suddenly ran back to the bridge watchman and began pulling something out of his hands. What that something was he didn't know. The watchman refused to yield and he dragged her into his booth.

At first Michael thought that a spy had recognized her and had had her arrested on the spot, but when he arrived home and found out all the details, he realized that the situation was much more serious than he had thought. The manuscripts and the report of the All South Russian conference were missing. And it was he who had lost them. They had fallen out of a coat pocket that was torn open when he carried type while moving the shop several weeks earlier.

We were sure that the police would now guess that our shop, for which they were so eagerly seeking, was located in Amur, and that it would only be a matter of time before they tracked us down. As a result we made the painful decision to close the shop, pack up all our equipment and instantly inform the committee of our misfortune. We also decided that Michael was not to leave the house and the midwife Manya was to continue with her professional work as if nothing had happened.

Several days later I went to the Ozerny Bazaar to meet Katya's sister. I waited and waited, but she didn't appear. Having no choice, I decided to visit the Gromans. Entering their courtyard, I looked around for spies. None was there. It was a peaceful scene of neighbors sitting on benches and gossiping, with children playing and frolicking nearby.

Carefully I looked up to the Gromans' windows and noticed Nadya standing there and signaling me to come in. She opened the door and with tears in her eyes began to embrace and kiss me while exclaiming again and again: "Thank God! Thank God! The Almighty be praised! Alive! . . . Alive! . . . "

The Gromans already knew about Olga's misfortune and about the loss of the manuscripts of the "Yuzhni Rabochi." But they didn't know the whereabouts of Michael and his colleagues of the printing shop. And that was the reason why Nadya did not appear at the bazaar.

Nadya's sister Katya was not at home when I arrived there. When she returned we found out that the news of Olga's arrest had reached the committee through the Socialist Red Cross — a semi-legal civic organization the purpose of which was to help give food and clothes to imprisoned revolutionaries. It had been organized about a year before and it attracted all shades of socialists and radicals.

Our chief representative in the "S.R.C." was the young attorney Ilya Polansky, who seventeen years later would become the candidate for mayor of Yekaterinoslav on the ticket of the Social Democratic Mensheviks. It was through these channels that Olga Levinskaya sent a letter from prison to her husband Nahum Golub.

The letter was written in a code that only Nahum was able to decipher, but he had been arrested several days earlier in the neighboring city of Alexandrov for transporting illegal literature. The committee members tried to decode the letter but couldn't.

Finally I summoned up a bit of courage and asked to be shown the letter. To my own surprise and their complete astonishment, I succeeded in deciphering it. Here is what she wrote:

"Dear Nahum:

"As soon as I saw the watchman picking up the manuscripts that were lost by Michael, I ran over and begged him to return the package because it belonged to me. When he refused, I got upset, snatched the package from his hands and succeeded in tearing up part of it. The watchman, stronger than I, grabbed the package in his pawws, pulled me into his booth and handed me over to the police.

"Yours,
"O."

After I finished, Katya jumped up from her seat, embraced and kissed me even more emotionally than her sister had done. Both were anxious to know how I had learned to decipher a letter without knowing the key.

"I can read only simple codes," I replied, "the ones that are being used by green amateurs. Such codes can be deciphered by anyone who diligently read Edgar Allen Poe's famous story, 'The Gold Bug'. The hero of this fantastic tale describes in detail the method of reading a coded letter. All you have to know is the language it was written in, which letters are used in this language most frequently, which are used less frequently, and which letters are seldom used. My dears, read his story once more and you'll understand how I read Olga's letter so easily. Incidentally, this will prove to you that such simple and primitive codes should not be utilized for revolutionary purposes."

Katya told me that the committee decided to stop our printing work temporarily and to instruct Michael not to be seen on the streets during daylight hours for the time being. He was to wait until the storm blew over.

(As noted above, we had closed the shop even before the committee's decision.)

We were positive that the police would understand that the confiscated manuscripts were work intended for an undercover printing shop located on the far side of the Dnieper, either in Amur or in Nizhnidnieprovsk. Despite the danger, my colleagues and I decided to print a limited number of leaflets about an important incident that occurred after the seizure of the manuscripts. We informed the committee of our plan, and they gave permission to proceed. They also supplied the text for the leaflet, but its contents escape my mind at this time. We saw to it that some leaflets fell into the hands of the gendarmes.

A few days later I informed the committee that my partners wanted to move the location of the printing shop. We were certain the police were aware of our existence, and to remain at this place was very risky. The midwife was willing to sacrifice her practice in the two factory towns, and if the committee would provide them with a good bogus passport for a Jewish couple — aged 25 to 30 — they'd be willing to move to another neighborhood where they'd hope to get along without a "domestic."

In the next few days Manya began looking for a new house. She left instructions that if any emergency case requested her professional services, they were to say that she was away visiting another patient and they did not know when she would return.

Years later, when I did research work at the former archives of the czar's secret police, I came across some documents regarding our incident. It turned out that the gendarmes had not grasped the real meaning and purpose of the manuscripts dropped on the bridge. Nor did they learn the address of our shop and the names of the people who operated it.

Here is an excerpt from a report submitted by the Yekaterinoslav chief of police to the chief of police in St. Petersburg:

"Levinskaya collected data concerning the state of

affairs of the revolutionary movement in the Empire, to be published in their journals and leaflets. Also found in her possession were two reports covering the conference of the South Russian organizations affiliated with the Russian Social Democratic Workers Party. Also a pen-written article about the same subject, plus a proof-sheet of a bulletin and a short note regarding the demonstrations and upheavals in Yekaterinoslav during December 1901."

All this material, which the local police treated so lightly, was to have appeared in the next issue of the *Yuzhni Rabochi* paper which was printed in our new home several weeks later.

The police report included a particularly interesting item. It stated that the Moscow Okhranka (the czarist secret police) had at that time in Yekaterinoslav an undercover agent-provocateur who knew Olga Levinskaya, her husband Nahum Golub, and Yekaterina Groman. It is logical to assume that he informed the local Okhranka agents that Groman and Golub were the ones who would carry the leaflets to the central distribution point.

Who was this agent-provocateur from Moscow?

It seems that no one in our city knew him — neither we nor the chief of the Yekaterinoslav police, Lt. Col. Kremenetzky. No wonder Colonel Kremenetzky complained bitterly that he was kept in the dark about the name of this mysterious agent-provocateur from Moscow.

A NEW HOME

We finally found a single-family house for our shop. This time it was located on Pokrasky Street, set back in the rear of a courtyard. The house, the street and the neighborhood were ideally suited for our purpose.

If scrutinized diligently, my bogus passport left much to be desired. To make matters worse, the committee couldn't do anything to get me a better one. I had a feeling that the police were looking for me; I had to be very discreet and cautious in my day-to-day activities.

In a long discussion with my co-workers it was decided that I should take a chance and register as a 16-year-old student. I wasn't sure I'd succeed, but I was determined to try. First I registered with the owners of the house as a student preparing for the local school entrance examinations. Then I offered to go to the police station by myself, thus sparing the landlord the trouble of accompanying me.

And so I went to the police station alone. I soon found myself second in a waiting-line that began growing by leaps and bounds. After the clerk got through with the applicant in front of me, I gave him my student papers with one hand and — drawing on my last reserve of courage — gingerly handed him a folded one-ruble note with the other hand.

With a swift movement, the clerk instantly covered up the ruble and, not even glancing at the contents of my student papers, stamped them with his official government seal. As I hastily gathered my papers to leave, he called out "Next!" to the man behind me.

In the new house we worked harder and were much more productive than in the previous places. The midwife Manya Gennikes gave up her professional work, thus adding an extra pair of hands that we so badly needed for the ever-increasing work load. We continued printing the propaganda leaflets as well as our small but lively bulletin, *Yekaterinoslavsky Listok* (eight issues were published at 5,000 copies each). We were not aware of any spies around us. We were polite to our neighbors but not too friendly with them. We never went anywhere except to the market to buy food and to exchange the printed material for paper stock.

One day Nadya (Katya's sister) came to the bazaar much later than usual and told me that she would not come there again or take any more printed material. "Katya forbids it," she said. "We are constantly watched by spies, and since the First of May is approaching the police will make many arrests."

She gave me the address of a new secret rendezvous and disappeared. Before leaving, she added that we must also avoid meetings with Katya.

Our new contact with the committee was "Marya Abramovna," a woman very well known in the party. Her real name was Rosalie Samsonova Halberstadt.

Our new home was located at a city clinic which was supervised by a "feldsher" (paramedic) by the name of Bakai, a Gentile.

Presently a new "patient" made his appearance at the clinic. He was a tall blond man with a short reddish beard. He was none other than my shop-partner Mikhail Sorkin, who believed that his personality was better suited than mine for appearances in the city clinic. Another reason was probably the fact that he had grown tired of staying indoors constantly. And so we continued our mission until another misfortune befell us.

On his way to the clinic one day, Mikhail suddenly noticed that a policeman arrested a woman as she was entering the clinic. Mikhail abruptly turned away and kept walking until he was sure that no one was following him. As soon as we could meet, we talked matters over and decided that I must find out what had happened.

Armed once again with a pair of old shoes, I set out to visit Einbinder the shoemaker, on whose recommendation eight months earlier I had been enlisted to provide the shop with a supply of type.

Einbinder's work shop was located close to our house but on a different street. When I arrived the Einbinder brothers quickly solved the Bakai puzzle for me. They told me the sad news that many arrests had been made yesterday, and among those arrested were feldsher Bakai, Yekaterina Groman, her sister Nadya, and the leader of the committee, Rosa Halberstadt. Also arrested were many progressive propagandists and Jewish workers of the city.

Since Einbinder knew the nature of my work, although he didn't know the address of the shop, I told him that we must immediately find a new place for the rendezvous with our contact. Also we needed a new place to deliver the 5,000 completed First of May

leaflets and a similar amount of our bulletin *Yekaterinoslavsky Listok* which we were about to complete.

The following day, when I called for my "repaired shoes," Einbinder gave me three addresses of so-called temporary distribution centers with instructions to leave a certain number of copies at each place. All of us worked untiringly to get the project done on time. The dismal, rainy weather was a great help to us; we could hide our faces under the umbrellas. The downpour also meant that all three of us would leave the shop and carry the bundles to their destinations.

On my way back to the shop, I again met the "old man," as the Gentile workers of the metal factories called Einbinder. In an unhappy mood he informed me that Bakai had broken down in prison, turned informer and told the police everything he knew about us. The committee members thought that the arrests of the Gromans and Rosa Halberstadt were probably the result of his betrayal. Since we too were visitors to Bakai's clinic, it was advisable, he said, to close up at once and move to a safer place. He gave us an address and handed me what in those days was considered a very substantial sum of money. "Just in case you need it," he said.

The closing and transfer of the shop were accomplished in a very short time. The new place was located close to our current home, on the First Chechelevka. We cleaned out the old shop thoroughly, not daring to leave any tell-tale signs of an undercover printing shop.

Pursuing the line of caution the committee resolved that Mikhail and his wife should leave the city. As for young Sasha the Typesetter, I was to remain in the city for the time being.

Several days later I was approached by an acquaintance, Aaron Belovsky, a bookbinder and an active prominent member of the committee, who told me that the engineer Dmitri Budanov wanted to see me.

I had met this engineer casually once before, when I was sent by Yekaterina Groman to pick up his manuscript for a propaganda leaflet. As it was, our first encounter had been very brief. He handed me a sealed envelope and I left.

Meeting him again, I was conscious of the fact that he was the author of most of the party proclamations issued after the arrests of January 16, 1902.

In Budanov's pretentious office, I realized that this revolutionary occupied an important postion in the management of the Yekaterinoslav railroad system, which was considered one of the largest and most important railroad lines in Russia. I had assumed he would not remember me and that he had no idea about my connections with the illegal print shops. His request to see me was somewhat of a surprise, but after he greeted me like an old friend, I felt at ease in his presence.

Budanov told me that Mrs. Groman and Rosalie Halberstadt had informed him about my activities. Prior to her arrest, Mrs. Halberstadt entrusted him with all the records, addresses, codes and deciphering keys she had in her possession. And no wonder! This man was one of the most unsuspected of revolutionaries among the Social Democrats of that era. He long ago had given up overt activities in the party organizations and steered clear of our propaganda circles.

Still more significant was the fact that the police, thinking he had given up his revolutionary activities, did not consider him a target of suspicion any more. They had not bothered him in his birthplace Kharkov, where he first endured five years in a Czarist prison, and he was not now under surveillance in Yekaterinoslav.

Budanov said that he had asked Aaron Belovsky to convince me of the importance of remaining on the job a while longer.

"Although we now have a few more typesetters in our ranks," he said, "I doubt whether any one of them can measure up to your experience in the specialty of organizing, setting up and supervising an underground printing plant. In addition, the committee needs your help in the process of selecting suitable workers who can tolerate the trying conditions prevailing in a secret and illegal printing shop.

"However, we did single out a candidate who seems to be suited for this kind of work," he added. "He is an old party worker who gained some experience in the Bund organizations. He is a tailor and is a newcomer in the Yekaterinoslav organization. He refused to do the usual work of a party organizer, claiming he can render better service in an underground printing shop. The committee wants you, Sasha, to meet him.

"He is a man with a considerable revolutionary record — several terms in prison and exile in Siberia. He is about 35 or 36 years old and well suited for the job. I think he will be the right type to act as a Jewish owner of a tailor shop in a Gentile neighborhood."

Aaron Belovsky, the man who brought us together, assured me that he had already selected the right neighborhood for such a shop. All we needed now was a housekeeper, and in this respect the candidate himself came to our assistance.

"I know such a woman," he said, "a hosiery worker in Gomel, active for years in the local party organization, very popular among her co-workers in the factory, and she enjoys the full confidence of the Bund intelligentsia."

At the next meeting with Budanov he advised me to go to Gomel and see whether she was the right person for the job; if she was suitable, to offer her the job in the name of the Yekaterinoslav organization.

I GO TO GOMEL TO "LOOK FOR A BRIDE"

Several days later I informed Aaron Belovsky that I was ready to make the trip to Gomel. He gave me several recommendations to local Bund leaders and enough money for a round trip. He also mentioned that the problem of a typesetter seemed to have been solved. The new man was a skilled typesetter whose revolutionary record included the following: arrested in Vitebsk; served a long term in Moscow prison; exiled to and escaped from Siberia. He had come to Yekaterinoslav several days ago, carrying with him good recommendations and expressing his desire to

work in an underground printing shop.

Belovsky informed me that he had invited the guest from Siberia to our next meeting. He thought it advisable that I meet the newcomer, discuss shop matters with him, and see if he was the right person for the job.

As it turned out, no introduction was necessary. Wolf Kammermakher was an old friend from Vilna, where we had been employed in Sirkin's large Russian-Yiddish printing plant. His older brother Mark was also an employee in that shop. The latter was arrested before the first revolution in 1905 under the pseudonym of Mark Kepoli and he was a well known leader of the All Russian Typo-Lithographic Union.

I had learned in the Bundist press about Wolf's sentencing to Siberia, and now that I met him I was very happy to see him. I took pride in the fact that a typical Jewish worker like Wolf could escape from the icy wilderness of the distant northeastern Siberia. My pleasure was greatly increased by the thought that our shop would finally acquire a skilled typesetter who was also a dedicated revolutionary and a Social Democrat. I still labored under the delusion that the committee would now relieve me of a job which kept me completely isolated from my youthful friends.

Reaching Gomel, I headed for the secret quarters of the Bund, where I contacted one of their distinguished party workers. From his description I was convinced that "Isaac Charny," the tailor from Gomel, had not exaggerated the merits of his candidate. She was truly a sincere, devoted, sedate and cautious party worker. She was an ideal choice for the mission assigned to her, he assured me. "Talk to her," he said, "I already told her about your purpose in coming here."

Presently I met the candidate, whose name was Malka, and explained to her the purpose of my mission. She listened very attentively, and promised to give me her reply in a day or two.

At our next meeting she was ready to accept my offer. She liked the plan and believed she could be more useful at this work than at any other party activity. However, there was one element involved that disturbed her.

"What is it?" I asked.

She looked at me and said: "You may be too young to understand the problem. You see, the man who recommended me, this Isaac Charny, who is to become my fictitious husband, has been in love with me for the last several years. I don't love him, though, and I'm not going to change my mind. Under the special conditions of an illegal print shop, where one must live in close quarters with others, such a state of affairs is dangerous and may explode at any time to the detriment of our party."

Her arguments did not make an impression on my 17-year-old mind. I thought she could easily keep her fictitious husband under control. We argued back and forth until she finally consented to go to Yekaterinoslav and make arrangements with "Isaac" as she saw fit. I gave her the necessary addresses and expense money to cover her trip, and left her.

My itinerary also included a trip to Vilna, where I obtained a number of new unused passport forms and seals to stamp them with. From there I went to Poltava, where those forms and seals were needed. I returned to Yekaterinoslav about three weeks later.

As I entered our shop I was surprised to see that Isaac wasn't there anymore. It seems he had to give up his own plan. Malka, his "bride" from Gomel, had refused to work together with him, and he was compelled to leave.

Luckily they found another man, Yosef Levinson, also an escapee from Siberia and also a tailor. He came from Minsk, where he had been a pupil of the famous freedom fighter, the old "Narodnik" Yafim, who later joined the newly organized Social Revolutionary Party, or the S.R., as it was popularly called. Levinson was brought to Yekaterinoslav by one of the leaders of the S.R., M. Altovsky, who appointed him as manager of their party's print shop, which was the first of its kind that the S.R.'s opened in Yekaterinoslav.

Levinson left the S.R. shop in a short time, informing Altovsky that it was impossible for him to work with the woman in the shop. He claimed she was too frivolous, not secretive enough, and ran around with friends whom she often met near the Bourse, where you could find more spies than revolutionaries. Since Altovsky knew that the S.D.'s were looking for a man to run their print shop, he offered to "lend" them Comrade Levinson for a short period.

The committee was satisfied with Levinson as the new "husband" of the hosiery worker from Gomel, Manya Rimer (Malka). For me he was a godsend. His emergence gave me the opportunity to return to my normal party activities, to my regular job as typesetter, and also to resume my interrupted plans for a more systematic education.

As soon as I began to work at my old job again, a new crisis erupted in the shop. There was a constant feud between the tailor Levinson and the Siberian printer Kammermakher. After a conference with all the shop workers the committee decided to remove Kammermakher from the shop and replace him with good old Sasha the Typesetter. No one paid any attention to my objections. They assured me it was only for a short time. The "short time" lasted more than a year.

To placate Kammermakher we introduced him to Aaron Ginsburg, a representative of the Social Democratic journal "Yuzhni Rabochi," who later became famous throughout Russia as an economist under the pseudonym of Nahumov. After the Bolshevik revolution, when the economic structure of Russia was completely ruined under the military pressure of Lenin's Communism, Nahumov-Ginsburg was invited by the Lenin government to help revitalize the ruined industries of the country. Vladimir Groman, Volsky-Valentinov, and a number of other economists from the Menshevik party also were in the group that worked to revive, plan and regulate the entire industrial structure of the country.

Under Groman's leadership, they continued this gigantic enterprise for several years — until the dark days of the Stalin purges when almost all of them

were liquidated; all except Volsky-Valentinov. He escaped Stalin's bullets and accompanied by his wife, settled first in Switzerland and later in Paris. There he gained fame as a talented publicist and Menshevik writer (he was active until he died at the ripe old age of almost 90 years).

Toward the end of 1902 Ginsburg-Nahumov organized a new print shop in Uman for "Yuzhni Rabochi" and engaged Wolf Kammermakher as a printer. The police caught Wolf in the shop and arrested him. Also arrested were the following four workers: Yakov and Rosa Novokovsky, and Anna Yaklin and her brother M. Yaklin. The arrests were made in the house of Solomon Magin, who was a teacher in the government-sponsored Jewish school. Magin suffered many agonies and cruelties in the Czarist prisons and in Siberia. Finally, he emigrated to New York, where he was active in the Socialist movement until his death in 1959. He was an active leader of the New York group of Russian Mensheviks, of which he was chairman for many years and I was vice chairman. The other members of the executive committee were: Raphael Abramovich, Solomon Schwartz, Boris Nicolaevsky, Iri F. Dennike and Prof. Mark Wishnyak.

Our new illegal print shop was located on Philosophical Street not far from what was then known as Voyennaya (Military) Street near the prison. We worked harmoniously, no arguments, no quarrels this time. Nevertheless, we were compelled to close the shop because the Social Revolutionaries withdrew the printer Levinson, who was needed for their new central printing plant in Odessa. His departure was a great loss to us, especially since his first wife Malka followed him to their new destination.

At this point, it is interesting to note, Malka was no longer his fictitious spouse. They left our shop as a happily newlywed couple. Later they worked together in several illegal S.R. printing shops, and served prison terms in Odessa, Yekaterinoslav, Kharkov and Kiev. In their first prison home they legalized their marriage, and in the Kiev prison their baby was born. With the baby in her arms Malka appeared at the public trial at which husband and wife were each given a four-year sentence to Siberia, from which they succeeded in escaping. They came to New York before World War I, and in America he returned to his old trade as a tailor. After the Russian Revolution he and thousands of other Jewish and non-Jewish workers, believing that Russia had become a Socialist heaven, joined the Communist party. For many years they lived under the Communist illusions that Russia was now a country of freedom, equality and justice — delusions that the ensuing Stalin-Hitler Pact eventually cured in most of them. In New York they eked out a modest existence but managed to give their children very fine educations. As an aftermath of his disappointment in Communism, Yosef Levinson published in the *Jewish Daily Forward* a series of articles about the evolution of the American Communists.

Strange as it may seem, none of our leaders of that period included in their memoirs any references to the addresses of the illegal print shops or names of the people who worked in them. Nor did I find any evidence in the Dnepropetrovsk Museum of the Revolution when I visited this interesting institution on the Leninsky Prospect in September 1934. Nor was there any mention made about the underground print shops in the records of the Okhranka (Czarist secret police) which were made public after the revolution by Soviet "Eastport" in Yekaterinoslav. (Dnepropetrovsk is the Soviet name for Yekaterinoslav).

Some day I hope to return to this matter, but for the present it will suffice to state that I did not find a single trace of evidence showing the addresses of the print shops and other secret dwellings in which I carried out my numerous missions.

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When the committee learned about Levinson's departure from the shop they made an attempt to mobilize new workers. Meanwhile news reached us that many strikes and political demonstrations had erupted in Rostov-on-Don during the past four days. The committee decided to issue proclamations at once, but we had no print shop, and to use the hectograph was dangerous.

Once more the finger of destiny pointed in my direction. The type (except the type-case which Levinson had burned before he left) was hidden in my room. I was the printer and I had to accept the job. Using the sofa in my room I somehow managed to set up the type and lock it in the chases. But to put it through the printing press was a different story; for this task I needed a helper.

I hid the type in a safe place, lest the owners of the house learn about their tenant's covert activities, and went out to look for an assistant. Luck was smiling at me this time. I found a friend sitting at home and resting after a day's hard work as a carpenter. He was flattered by my offer and willingly helped me with my work all night. We rested a while, then packed the leaflets in towels, and wrapped the towels around our bodies under our overcoats. During the early hours before dawn we made two trips through the silent streets and delivered them to secret houses where some of our co-conspirators were waiting to distribute them.

AN UNSUCCESSFUL MARRIAGE

Our new shop was the fourth of its kind according to the number of its managements, and the sixth counting the number of its dwellings. The new manager was a man by the name of Muni Kolchinsky. He sprouted a fine blond beard and was the proud possessor of a praiseworthy revolutionary record, including some sentences in prison. In Kremenchuk, the

city of his birth, he enjoyed a reputation as an intelligent, honest, energetic and level-headed activist. He made a favorable impression on the members of the committee, including me.

Several days later we met the candidate for our shop's housekeeper. She had held the same position in a Bundist border center which served the agents who smuggled propaganda literature from abroad and helped political fugitives to cross the Rusian-German border.

After the interview was over Muni expressed disapproval. "She doesn't give the impression of an intelligent person," he said, "she is not good looking or bright and to live with her under one roof, in a small house, isolated from the rest of the world doesn't presage a long life for the print shop."

He realized of course that there was no other candidate for this position and reluctantly changed his mind. He consented to work with her on a temporary basis, until another woman could be found for this position.

(Our hopes did not materialize. We were unable to find another woman to replace her. Their life together was full of dramas and melodramas — and one attempt to commit suicide. A divorce was out of question. The reason? — Children were born, and because of them Kolchinsky would not leave her.)

Our new shop was located on a hill on Bolnichny or Starogorodny Street not far from the steppe. They were expecting a new typesetter to arrive from St. Petersburg shortly. But the committee couldn't wait any longer, so I consented to help them out until my replacement arrived. (He was to play the part of a journeyman-tailor.)

The only stipulation I dared make was a request that all my communications with the outside workd should go through the hands of Levinson and Malka, who were newcomers to the city and, it was hoped, not known to the police. I strongly believed in the elementary rules of underground activists: Be careful! Stay off the streets! Keep away from outside contact!

With the help of Kolchinsky I moved the type, the press and all other equipment that was hidden in my room on Voyennaya Street. For this purpose he came over in a drozhky (a horse-drive taxi) and assisted me with the heavy suitcases. I paid the owners of the house a month's rent in advance, telling them I was going away to visit some friends and that I would return in about two weeks.

In the new shop I remained for several weeks. During this time I set up the machinery, organized the work, and printed a number of leaflets. I explained to the managers how to carry out their duties and instructed "Solomon", the new man from St. Petersburg, how to handle his job. He was only a typesetter, not an all-around printer.

(See Muni Kolchinsky's memoirs, "In the Illegal Print Shops," which appeared in Russian in the Moscow journal, "Letopis Revolutzei," 1928, Vol. 5, page 23.)

IN THE ROSTOV PRINTING SHOP

Several months earlier, the Social Democrats of Rostov had called a strike of railway workers. After a day it was transformed into giant mass meetings that attracted tens of thousands of people from all sections of the city and all walks of life.

The mass meetings took place in November, 1902, on a large field that separated the city of Rostov from the suburb of Temerniki, which was inhabited by countless railway and factory workers. The demonstrations continued all week; no matter how the police tried, they did not succeed in stopping them. Thousands of police blocked the roads between Rostov and Temerniki, but even this effort was a failure. The people wanted to hear free speeches and they somehow penetrated the numerous police blockades.

Many dramatic scenes took place at the demonstration. Once a superior officer gave the order to shoot at the assembled crowd. The chairman of the meeting, Ivan Stavsky, a leader of the railroad workers, replied with his own order: "Close your ranks and keep them closed!" The soldiers did not shoot.

The principal speaker at the gathering was the talented orator Alexander Bragin (real name Brailovsky). He continued with his oration, the like of which the demonstrators had never heard in Rostov or any other place.

A similar scene occurred when a squad of Cossacks was ordered to disperse the crowd with their horses and whips. The speaker exclaimed, "Brothers, lie down on the ground! The Cossacks are also human. They will not dare ride their horses over your bodies." And so it happened. The crowd spread out on the ground, and the Cossacks did not obey their officers' orders.

After the railroad administration met the most important demands of the strikers, the committee called off the strike and brought the mass meetings to an end. The speakers immediately were told to leave the city, which most of them did. Brailovsky, however, did not obey this order. Shortly after the mass meeting, he went voluntarily to the police headquarters and surrendered, declaring: "I am Bragin-Brailovsky." He realized, of course, that he faced a harsh sentence of hard work in prison.

Years later, when I met him in Paris and then in New York, he explained his impulsive action. He explained, "My conscience compelled me to do it. I did not want to give the enemies of freedom the opportunity to say that the speaker who told the people to fight against the Czarist rule avoided his own punishment. Besides, I am a Jew and a son of a capitalist known to everyone in the city. Let our enemies not claim that the Jews are cowards."

Brailovsky died in New York several years ago after a career as a writer for the Russian newspaper *Novoye Russkoye Slovo* and other Russian publications and journals.

After I took leave of my three co-workers in the print shop, I was prepared to depart from Yekateri-

noslav and settle in Kharkov or Odessa, where I stood a good chance of finding work in a legal plant. But the committee had a different plan. They arranged for me to meet a representative of the Rostov Committee regarding a very important matter, they said.

At the meeting we were informed that the Rostov Social Democrats had lost their print shop and they asked us to help them build a new one. With the exception of paper stock, they needed everything connected with a printing plant. With the permission of the representative of our committee who brought us together, I told them that we had a surplus of type which our colleague typesetters had "expropriated" from the Yakovlev printing plant. We also had a surplus workbench and if our Yekaterinoslav committee so desired we could help them with all this equipment.

The guest from Rostov thanked us and declared that they also needed a typesetter and other workers who could operate an underground printing shop.

The man who represented the Yekaterinsolav Committee at this meeting was my old friend Nahum Einbinder the shoemaker, an untiring worker among the Gentile laborers in the giant metal plants in Keidaki, Chechelevka and Fabrichnaya Slobodka.

To my surprise the old man offered his own services as manager of the contemplated shop in Rostov. He had decided to leave Yekaterinoslav, where he was in danger of being arrested. "There is only one condition connected with my going to Rostov," he said. "Sasha the Typesetter goes with me." Naturally, I couldn't refuse.

The Rostov representative was more than satisfied with this arrangement. Einbinder looked to him like a solid citizen or a middle-aged traveling merchant who would not be suspected of being a revolutionary. He also knew that Einbinder, a Jew, was the recognized patriarch of the Socialist Gentile workers in all three factory districts. Of me he had heard that I was ignored by the Czar's spies.

The Rostov representative, whose name was Lakermau, told us we didn't have to trouble ourselves about a housekeeper. He assured us that they had a candidate who judging by her looks and age would make an ideal "wife" for Nahum.

A few days later we were on our way to Rostov. Leaving our luggage in the Rostov railroad station, we set out for the neighboring small town of Nakhichevan. We followed the instructions of our friend Lakermau, who had to return to his job as one of the important writers in the local daily newspaper *Donskaya Retch*. Another noted journalist associated with this newspaper was Ivan Gusev (real name Dropkin), also a member of the Rostov City Committee. Still another member of its staff was Lakermau's brother-in-law, whose name I no longer remember. I do remember, though, that the brother-in-law was simultaneously the secretary of the Rostov city government and a member of our committee.

When we reached the designated house, we were welcomed in a friendly manner by our future housekeeper, who did not seem to be well suited for her job. She looked like a typical member of the Jewish intelligentsiya, and this would not go well in a neighborhood almost exclusively inhabited by Gentile workers.

I did not express an opinion, but Nahum declared his objections in no uncertain terms. Surprisingly, she agreed with him. So did the owner of the house, whose party name was Piotr and real name (if I remember correctly) Khristoforov. This man was one of the most influential Social Democratic workers on the committee.

Presently Einbinder came up with the suggestion that he and I return to Yekaterinoslav and have a talk with a friend of his, Vera Zhurovskaya, about this matter.

Vera, whom I had known for several years, accepted our offer, and we worked together happily until one fateful day four months later when we were suddenly ordered to close and leave the shop. The sad news was brought to us by the legendary seventy-year-old mother of Khristoforov. Her son, she said, noticed a spy browsing around the house. Piotr found a secret place where we were to bring our printing machinery. Also several addresses where we ourselves were to hide until the storm blew over.

The semi-literate but bright old woman also offered to help us carry type to the new secret place. "Don't worry," she said, "they won't suspect me of being a revolutionary." We emptied the house, and carried the equipment hidden under our clothing to the new house.

Vera and Nahum remained in the old house for a few more hours in order to tidy up the rooms and erase all evidence of a former print shop. Later in the evening they were supposed to leave the house and head for the new hiding place. Instead, for some reason or another, they stayed there overnight, and that night they were arrested.

Since the police did not find any illegal matter at the time of their arrest, and nothing incriminating was mentioned at the ensuing hearing in the Rostov prison, we assumed that while walking the streets, Nahum must have been recognized by a spy from Yekaterinoslav who followed him to the Khristoforov house.

IN THE PRINT SHOP OF THE DON FEDERATION

Fifty years have elapsed since I lived through this important period of my life, and it is therefore difficult for me to remember all details of the episodes. I do remember that after moving our plant to the new dwelling I remained there for a while awaiting new instructions.

Meanwhile, there were several surprises:

First, the house in which I now found myself a boarder was not just a place for revolutionary sympa-

thizers. It turned out to be the headquarters for the newly planned printing plant belonging to the Social Democratic Union of the Hill Workers in the industrial Don region. It was the same union which had changed its name two months earlier to the Don Federation of the Russian Social Democratic Workers Party.

Second, in the beautifully furnished house I found all the machinery and equipment necessary for a modern illegal printing plant, such as type, a press, paper stock, and so forth. Also, competent managers and a domestic. All that was missing was a typesetter.

Third, the managers expected me to set up their plant as token compensation for allowing us to move our equipment into their house. Their typesetter was due to arrive in about two weeks.

The house, its surroundings and its people made a favorable impression on me, but I was unable to give them a reply until I consulted with the representatives of the Rostov Committee. My leaders, whose names were not known to me, reluctantly consented to the Hill Workers' proposal.

On the same day I received orders from the committee to meet a dentist named Brailovsky, who was a committee representative. She was known to me from earlier contacts when she had provided us with propaganda manuscripts and paper stock.

In order to avoid suspicion by the gendarmes I started out early in the morning, and since I had several free hours — dentists' offices do not open that early — I visited nearby eating-places, ordering one breakfast after another.

Exactly at 10 o'clock I made my appearance at Dr. Brailovsky's office. She was the daughter of a prominent and wealthy merchant and a sister of the student Alexander Brailovsky who distinguished himself as a rousing speaker at the historic strike of November, 1902.

A comrade who waited for me there confirmed the agreement with the Social Democratic Committee of the Hill Workers. I made it clear that I would accept the job on a temporary basis only; that I was to complete a printing job that was started before the old shop was closed; that I was to do typesetting and printing only and not the delivery of the leaflets. I was determined not to be seen walking on the streets of Nakhichevan until I had completed my work.

With the help of my new co-workers the job was finished in about five or six hours, and two hours later it was delivered to a prearranged address where the representatives of the Rostov district called for them.

I LEAVE ROSTOV AND NAKHICHEVAN

I don't recall how long my temporary job as a typesetter and instructor lasted, but I do remember that by July 1903, I had returned to Yekaterinoslav. There I intended to rest a few weeks and then proceed to another big city with the hopes of finding work in a legal printing plant.

In Yekaterinoslav I was told that the frequent arrests during the last two months had affected primarily the professional revolutionaries of our leadership. The representatives of the working classes were hardly touched. The arrested leaders were replaced by other revolutionaries. Some came from other cities to escape possible arrest, others were sent to us by the central office known as the Organization Committee.

(The then prevalent humorous remark in our cities: the reason the gendarmes avoided the Gentile workers' districts was that they were usually met with blows and beatings.)

I was also told that the central office was in a great hurry to send us propagandists who were loyal to the *Iskra* policies. My informant explained that they were getting ready to call a new conference and they sensed the possibility that the large city of Yekaterinoslav might be represented by delegates who were critical of the policies advocated by the *Iskra* editorial staff, namely: Martov, Lenin, Plekhanov, Patresov, Zasulitch, Axelrod and Trotzky.

To fully realize how politically dangerous the situation was considered, one must take into account the fact that during the four months I was away in Rostov the Yekaterinoslav organization had split in two antagonistic camps. They fought each other with more vigor, time and energy than they did their common enemy the czar.

This was not the first or last inner crisis in our organization. One of them erupted several weeks before I organized our own printing plant. Our organization had also suffered from divisive battles in the fall of 1901 and would suffer others during the revolutions of 1905 and 1917, but the crisis of July 1903 was the most severe and dramatic of all.

A "REVOLUTION" IN THE ORGANIZATION

The day after I consented to steal type for our planned underground print shop in October 1901, the Social Democratic workers had celebrated a victory over the old professional revolutionaries in the Yekaterinoslav Committee. When the conflict was over, working class members dominated the committee: Nikifor Drakhanov, the popular lathe worker of the railroad shops; Nahum Einbinder; Aaron Belovsky, a bookbinder; N. Golub, a locksmith; Grisha Sapozhnik, a shoemaker; Mikhail Krasnoshchokov and Mark Makazhub, technicians; David Braginsky, and three highly educated personalities: Yevgenia Adamovich, Henrik Malkin and Rosalie Halberstadt.

In spite of the frequent arrests by the police, the victory of the working class elements in the committee considerably revived our revolutionary activities. No longer did the workers refuse to participate in the elections of committees and party institutions. On the contrary, the practice of conducting elections spread throughout the district. Exceptions were tolerated only in the event of sudden police arrests or the lack of suitable candidates.

In connection with this, I'd like to note that Yekaterinoslav was not the only city to experience such

upheavals. Similar upsets were staged in the workers' suburbs of Kiev and Odessa in the south, St. Petersburg in the north, and also cities in northwestern Russia.

More details concerning this matter are to be found in M. Fanin's book, *Kustarnichestvo e Partenye Organizatzei,* published by R.S.D.-R.F. Geneva in 1904, just a year later. The author was an active worker in the Social Democratic organization of Odessa, Yekaterinoslav and Kiev. His real name was Mark Makazhub.

(His book is now a bibliographic rarity. The New York City Public Library possesses one copy, presented by Mark Khinoy.)

M. Fanin was the first to write about these "rebellions" in the ranks of Social Democratic workers. He analyzed their causes, nature and community consequences. Fanin's work was so informative that Pavel Axelrod, the ideological father of the Menshevik political and organizational tactics, wrote a special introduction full of praise in the second edition of the book. What is more significant is the fact that Lenin, who was then the head of the S.D. Central Committee, did not veto the publication of Fanin's book, in spite of the fact that the author had strongly criticized Lenin's concept of the organizational structure of the party.

Fanin describes in detail the rebellions against the outside party officers who were sent to Yekaterinoslav in October 1901, and later to Odessa, where the group known as "Rabocha Znamya" withdrew from the Social Democratic Committee for reasons that were strictly organizational in nature.

"The basic reason for all party divisions," writes Fanin, "was the struggle for autonomy, for the right to vote in the selection of party leaders and for the active participation of the working class elements. This was a repudiation of the rules that the revolutionary movement inherited from the old very secretive organizations which consisted of professional revolutionaries." (See Fanin's book, page 36.)

THE HISTORIC EPISODE OF THE ALL-RUSSIAN CONFERENCE

The growing crisis of the so-called Menshevik tendencies among the workers' vanguard of the Yekaterinoslav Social Democrats was ended after the first great triumph of October 1901. Sixteen months later in February 1903, another more severe crisis erupted. Before we go any further, however, I must go back to an important episode that marked the first conference of the Russian Social Democrats in 1898 in the city of Minsk.

The Yekaterinoslav Social Democrats at the 1898 conference were represented by a delegate named Petrosevitch. He was armed with a written mandate to defend at the conference the principle that all party organizations should unconditionally adhere to the right of the workers to vote, and to practice local autonomy. In the ensuing five years this principle played an important role in the workers' struggle for democratic socialism as opposed to extremely centralized socialism, which is suited for small circles of revolutionaries but not in the least for mass movements.

S.D. Edelman, as chairman of the Minsk conference, had this to say about the matter: "Of the four regional contingents at this conference, the Yekaterinoslav group known as Soyuz Borbi (Combat Union) is a delegation endowed with a distinct nature. Their district was settled by groups of workers from other cities who brought with them definite characteristics typical of their old homesteads. Among them were Vilna factory workers whom the police had exiled and a large group of exiled St. Petersburg factory workers who had participated in the famous strike of 1896. The Yekaterinoslav Combat Union was organized shortly after the exiled workers of the above-mentioned industrial centres were settled in this city." (See the book, *Yekaterinoslav,* edited by M. Rubatch, pages 97 to 99.)

M. Rubatch, the editor of the book, in his introduction calls attention to an essay by Makhnovetz-Akimov regarding the role played by Petrosevitch, the Yekaterinoslav delegate, at the conference. In the discussions about workers strike funds, propaganda circles and economic agitation, Makhnovetz-Akimov writes:

"During the second day (March 2, 1898) both sessions were dedicated to discussions of organizational aspects of the party. There seemed to have been opposition to the idea of organizing the party on a strongly centralized basis. The delegate from Yekaterinoslav brought with him an imperative mandate that obligated him to work for a stipulation to be embodied in the constitution. This stipulation stressed the point that the individual organizations should enjoy autonomy in their local work and the right if necessary to ignore or not to obey the instructions of the Central Committee. In such cases the said organization must submit to the central organization a written communication explaining the reasons that motivated this action."

The conference adopted the proposal embodying the Yekaterinoslav stipulation, which became a part of the party's charter.

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After the Revolution of 1917 I looked over some material in the Archives of the Czarist Secret Police (Okhranka) and analyzing it, I came to the conclusion that the inner crises of our illegal party were almost unavoidable. These were growing pains that later developed into the basic ideologies in our movement: the Bolshevik and the Menshevik.

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And now to the 1903 crisis that I mentioned earlier. The Central Committee presented us with four outside "professionals" to replace the members who had been arrested. At the outset the working-class members of the committee were happy with the new arrivals. But the very first meeting presented us with a

disappointing surprise. Valentyn, the leader of the newcomers, declared that they were sent by the "Centre" to carry out a specific mission; namely, to reorganize the ol committee that supposedly consisted of working-class members. Actually, he intended to oust opponents of the political andeight or nine members of the committee were the same ones who had staged the rebellion sixteen months earlier and as a result won their second demand that the acknowledged leaders of the workers should have their representatives on the committee — representatives whom they alone would elect. Also, they demanded that no new members should be admitted to the committee without the consent of the working-class members.

The four newcomers, with Valentyn as their leader, categorically rejected the idea of selecting members by a vote. They insisted that we must accept the appointees selected by the Centre.

The ensuing bitter struggle was won by the working class veterans of the Social Democratic movement in Yekaterinoslav. Even the intervention of Ginsburg-Nahumov, prominent representative of the journal *Yuzhnei Rabochi*, did not help matters.

Valentyn and his three colleagues then organized their own committee. But a majority of the members representing the three working-class districts — a total of about 800 — remained in the old committee under the leadership of Aaron Belovsky, David Braginsky and a number of other popular leaders of the workers districts. (More details about this party rift may be found in my article, "History of Menshevism," published in a book sponsored by the Universities of Columbia, Chicago and Harvard.)

THE CHASM GROWS DEEPER, THE SITUATION MORE CRUCIAL

The young student Leonov, who was Valentyn's aide in the divisive struggle in the ranks of the Yekaterinoslav organization, later wrote in his memoirs that with his arival, a bitter ideological battle broke out, first in the committees and then among the entire membershipin the region. Some members left the city to avoid possible arrest. The new committee now included Valentyn, Sasha Pruce, G. Fyodor and myself — all of us *Iskra* followers. The others, the members of the first committee, were, according to the student's memoirs, opponents of the *Iskra* policies and followers of the journal *Rabochoye Delo*. But this is not true. The leaders of the old committee had been followers of this journal. They were expelled from the committee sixteen or seventeen months earlier at the time the workers-Social Democrats won their battle for democratic tactics.

It is important to remember that the *Rabochoye Delo* at that time had radically changed its policies regarding the tactical problems of our movement. This new approach had gained strength after the mass demonstration in Rostov-Don (see *Iskra* and *Rabochoye Delo* of fall 1902 and beginning of 1903).

Aaron Belovsky and Nikifor Drakhanov dwell in their memoirs on the position of the Yekaterinoslav Committee regarding the role that political agitation and mass struggles played in our program. They repeatedly stress this point even in that part of the memoirs which the Communists published in 1923, and there are reasons to believe that the articles of the two Menshevik leaders, Drakhanov and Belovsky, were severely censored and abbreviated, and that the "scarecrow" about the *Rabochoye Delo* was inserted by the editors themselves.

On my visit to Yekaterinoslav in 1934 one of my friends assured me that the editors of the book had refused to publish articles submitted by other leaders of the workers opposition and the two articles they did publish were cut drastically.

In his memoirs Leonov complains: "All the workers centers are against us." The truth of the matter is that not only the centers but the great majority of the working class members of all three regions, which numbered about 800 members, were opposing them. No wonder then that such a dyed-in-the-wool Bolshevik as Victor Nogin wrote in 1924: "When we took over the leadership of the Iskra fraction of the Committee in 1903 it was very weak: it only numbered thirty-five members." At the same time the old opposition in the committee was supported by the great majority of the workers in the factories of Chechelevke, Briansky and Ezau as well as by the several hundred large and small workshops in the Jewish sections of the city.

In connection with this inner struggle it's worthwhile, I believe, to quote an ultra-secret report sent in 1903 by the Yekaterinoslav police to their chief in St. Petersburg:

"The Yekaterinoslav Social Democratic Organization consists of intelligent, conscientious members who are capable of conducting their activities by themselves, independent of others, including propaganda work. A sharp conflict developed between the newly arrived committee and the old local members. The new committee believes that the complicated system of democratic elections is not compatible with the changed characteristics of the party activities. They insist that it must come to an end, the election system must be abolished and the committee and all its members must be appointed from above, by the Central Committee or its agents.

"Their plans, however, have met with strong resistance on the part of the workers centers and all the former committee members who did not want to abdicate their independence and become a blind tool in the hands of the invading committee members. In spite of many conferences between the leaders of both sides and the meetings of the third and tenth of June, the situation has not been altered.

"The relations between the two parties have deteriorated to such a degree," writes Lt. Colonel Kremenetzky, "that the members of the centers and the numerous collectives known as 'Yadros' refused to distribute the leaflets issued by the committee on the occasion of the bicentennial of the founding of the

Russian press. They also declared their intentions to form a new independent organization under the new name of Yekaterinoslav Rabochi Komitet (Workers Committee)."

Colonel Kremenetzky followed up his secret report with this account: "A meeting of all members of the 'centers' and the 'yadro' collectives of all three districts was called for March 30th at 8:00 a.m. at the initiative of the 'invaders'. Since our objective at the moment was to assure the identity of the outsiders, I was satisfied with observations only and did not disturb the meeting." (See page 380)

In his follow-up report, dated March 30th, the colonel writes: "The meeting of March 30th was held on the steppe fields near the township of Nizhni-Dneprovsk, starting at 9:00 a.m. Present were almost all members of the 'centers' and 'collectives' totaling about a hundred.

"Among those present were three of the four original 'invaders.' One of them, who introduced himself as 'Komar,' abruptly declared that the committee must be reorganized. Two members of the city center, the well known activist David Braginsky and a worker by the name of Vanya, demanded to know whether he spoke in his own name or in the name of an organization. Proud and arrogant, Komar replied: 'You don't ask such questions at a secret meeting. Besides, I cannot consider such questions because I represent the main center which you don't recognize.'

"The majority of those present insisted on a vote for a chairman of this meeting and Braginsky was elected for this post, disregarding Komar's objections. It was then resolved not to recognize Komar as representative of the committee and immediately thereafter Komar and his colleagues left the gathering." (see page 382)

Colonel Kremenetzky continues: "At the beginning of last month the leaders of the workers' centers seized the print shop of the committee, including a printed speech of the workers' 'Voyevode'.

"Another meeting was held on April 4th on an open field not far from Yekaterinoslav. It was called jointly by the center and the 'Yadro' of the city district. They elected members for a new center whose delegates, together with the representatives of the two other centers, would later elect a certain number of members for the Yekaterinoslav Committee.

"The same evening two more meetings took place on a field on the other side of the Dnieper. These meetings were called by the Briansky and the Amur Nizhni-Dneprovsk districts. Their purpose was the same as that of the city district. Both meetings were visited by official representatives of all three districts: Braginsky and Belovsky of the city district; Vasily Yepifanov and Yakov Kravchenko of the Briansky district, and a worker from Amur whose name I couldn't determine.

"The first four delegates appeared at both meetings and discussed the current problems of the Social Democrats. They again expressed their opposition to the demand by the professionals that leaders be appointed by central authorities and not be selected by rank and file votes.

"The first two meetings were attended by two hundred each; the third, by a hundred." (pages 383-384)

A short while later Kremenetzky informed his chief: "As an addition to my previous reports dated 23rd, 29th and 30th of last month I have the honor to inform you that the battle between the workers elements and the intelligentsiya has ended in a complete rift between the two sides. The leaders of the leading workers' organizations are planning to form an independent body by the name of Yekaterinoslavsky Workers Committee which will conduct its activities totally independent of the old committee.

"The heads of the workers' organization declared a boycott against the old committee and began to function under the name of Yekaterinoslavsky Committee R S D R P. Simultaneously, they requested the Organizing Committee in Kiev not to recognize the old committee because it represented a very small part of the local organizations."

Two weeks later Kremenetzky again reported to his chief in St. Petersburg that the Workers' Committee had called two mass meetings for April 19 and 20 (first of May by the new calendar) behind the slaughter houses. The speaker, David Braginsky, said among other things: "The old committee has issued a leaflet in the name of the 'Yekaterinoslav Committee'. They have no right to call themselves the Yekaterinoslav Committee of the Social Democratic Party because they represent but a small number of intellectuals who broke away from the organization." He warned his listeners not to cooperate with the others.

Kremenetzky further reports that on April 21 he raided the homes of known activists and arrested five of them: Belovsky, Gordyanko and three others. And here the lieutenant colonel added an intriguing note:

"We purposely did not arrest their real leader David Braginsky because we know he is closely connected with their print shop. I issued an order to increase our spying on Braginsky." (p. 185)

WHAT ZEMLATCHKE WROTE ABOUT THE YEKATERINOSLAV REBELLION

Valentyn, whom the Kiev center of the Iskra followers had sent to Yekaterinoslav, remained in the city about five or six weeks. His home city originally was St. Petersburg. From there he and other students had been exiled by the police to Poltava. When he was later arrested by local gendarmes he was replaced by a woman known as Zemlatchke, who became the leader of the small group of young intellectuals in Yekaterinoslav.The material that the police had confiscated included several interesting letters written by her.

Zemlatchke was the pseudonym of an important activist named R.S. Zalking. After the party rift in the summer of 1903 she joined Lenin's Bolshevik fraction.

As an introduction to her letters, the director of the

police department in St. Petersburg wrote to the chief of the Yekaterinoslav Okhranka (secret police) the following: "In addition to the communications of May 6, 1903, I am sending you herewith very secret copies of two letters received April 23 from our agents. They are signed by Zemlatchke in Yekaterinoslav. One is addressed to Rabinovich in Odessa for 'A', the other to the feldsher (paramedic) Kugelova in Kiev."

Zemlatchke writes: "We must clarify the exact position of our side. We have decided to issue a denial signed by Olien (Organizing Committee) but we will not distribute it until we receive your permission. (Zemlatchke printed the leaflet without waiting for permission).

"I repeat: The intervention of Olien in the local muddle must start immediately, without delay. Reply at once! Every minute is precious. Send money at once. I have borrowed money for Okulina (print shop of the Iskra faction). If we have surplus funds we'll send them to you, but at present you must help us urgently. I feel completely isolated from the rest of the world and it hinders our work. For the last four months we've received no communication from anywhere. All I know is what's going on here, in Yekaterinoslav, and here the situation is very bitter. Help us instantly in our crucial moment!"

Her letter of May 15 to Rabinovitch in Odessa for Comrade "A", Yevreyskaya Ulitza 8(8 Jewish Street), reads as follows: "I am distressed by the thought that communications between us have ended so soon. It isn't pleasant for me to realize that my plea about the committee remains unanswered. Hurry, if there is the slightest possibility!

"We are experiencing a severe shortage of workers. Many have left the city. I am compelled to do many party chores myself, and under these circumstances it is hard to conduct our activities effectively. I feel I ought to leave now; the sooner the better. These 'doctors' (spies) are closing in on me like hunting dogs. There is no one to replace me. The situation at the moment is critical for our organization. The lack of funds exceeds all endurance."

As if to reply to her confiscated letters, the director of the secret service Lapuchin sent the following telegram to Lieutenant Colonel Kremenetzky:

"Zemlatchke discovered the identity of our agents. She intends to leave. Take necessary steps. Director Lapuchin"

Kremenetzky's reply to Lapuchin was a coded telegram that read as follows:

"As soon as I was informed that Zemlatchke was about to leave the city I decided to have her arrested. On May 22 our agents followed her to her dwelling and remained there until 11:00 p.m. when our officers entered the house in order to arrest her. However, she wans't there any more. Nor was her name listed in the directory of the house; it looked like someone had torn it off the list. Our investigation showed that she had left the house about 2:00 p.m., when she asked the housekeeper to take care of her suitcase containing her wardrobe. She said she was leaving for a temporary visit with some friends in the Crimea. It's my opinion she is still in town and I spare no effort to locate her. If she did leave the city her destination would most likely be Kiev or the conference of the Social Democratic Party now being held abroad."

In the next telegram Kremenetzky informed his superior in St. Petersburg that he had raided the Iskra followers' Okulina printing shop which had been operating only a few weeks. He arrested three people working there; A.B. Kushel, his wife Sarah, and the typesetter Ginsburg, and confiscated the equipment.

He was referring to the Okulina print shop about which Zemlatchke had reported to her superiors in Kiev. The shop of the opposition (Drakhanov, Braginsky, Belovsky, etc.) continued to function for more than a month.

I'd like to present yet another interesting letter closely related to our matter. It's signed by "A" (real name, Stein) and was mailed from Yekaterinoslav, addressed to Kugelova in the Jewish Hopital in Kiev. Stein writes:

"Arrived here June 3 without trouble. I did not have any official talks with the rebels yet. From private chats with people in the movement I was convinced the situation is much worse than we imagined. The rebels have their own committee and have issued two printed proclamations under its name. One about the Czar's manifesto, and the other about the First of May (the latter in 7000 copies). In addition they issued a printed pamphlet, which read: 'An A-KA proclamation was recently distributed here. We did not distribute it, etc.'

"I heard such remarks as, 'Is it possible that the Iskra people would stoop to such a dirty trick as calling itself 'Committee' when in reality they are not one?.'

"The opposition's train of thoughts may run along such lines as: The devil only knows why these Iskra people came here and brought with them new rules and regulations...Because of this intrusion our Organization elected new leaders from our own ranks and shut the doors to the uninvited guests...The local people feel offended because the Iskra leaders did not present any sensible arguments, only threats, such as: Iskra will not give you any literature...Iskra is everything, etc....In summary: it's a dreadful situation, it's a kasha buttered with mutual hatred and mistrust. The forces of the rebels are much stronger than the orthodox who were left without funds, without a printshop and without communications.

"More detail in my next letter."

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NEW STRIKE IN YEKATERINOSLAV

In the beginning of August of that year a big strike was declared in Odessa and it looked like it was going to spread to other cities in southern Russia. My old

friend Ilya Polansky (who was to become mayor of Yekaterinoslav after the revolution of 1917) told me that a general strike was also brewing for Yekaterinoslav — in which event we hoped the need to unify our ranks would bring an end to our party rift.

Polansky, who was an attorney, also told me that Valentyn had been arrested two months earlier and that his three co-workers had left the city. The provisional Social Democratic Center replaced Valentyn with a prominent party activist who was known as Makar. His real name was Victor Nogin, the same Nogin who after the October revolution would become a member of the Soviet government. Makar-Nogin brought with him several able revolutionary co-workers: the Yekaterinoslav activist Yekaterina (Katya) Groman, who had just returned from Siberia; an enlightened worker from Moscow whose name I've forgotten, and a man named Mikhail Vilanov.

Polansky said that at a joint meeting of the two feuding fractions the question of a general strike was discussed thoroughly and a united strike committee was formed in order to conduct the affairs of the contemplated strike.

As it was, neither faction could boast of a print shop in good working order. They turned to Sasha the Typesetter and under these circumstances I couldn't refuse. Paying me a visit one evening Makar told me that the joint strike committee had decided to call a strike in three days of all industrial workers in the Yekaterinoslav region. He gave me the address of a new print shop which was locatet on Gogol street, named after the famous Russian writer, Nikolai Gogol.

The managers of this shop seemed to be well suited for their duties. Shapiro, the supervisor, was a cabinet maker. In one of the rooms he set up a workshop, where he made tables, chairs, benches, etc. These he occasionally sold at the market. His young wife was the housekeeper. She ruled out any social contact with the owners of the house, who lived in the same courtyard.

The print shop was set up in a bedroom. The machines and tools were about the same as in the previous shops. We were provided with plenty of printpaper by a Jewish family named Keiser, whose tenant was a representative of a Yekaterinoslav paper factory. Although not a Socialist, he was evidently in sympathy with our struggle against the Czarist rule.

It took me several hours to get the shop in working order, but once started the action was running at a speedy tempo.

When I delievered the first bundle of strike proclamations, I was met by my good friend Katya Groman, who two years earlier had represented our committee in our relations with the party. She told me that the police had detained her in prison a short while and then exiled her to Siberia, from where she escaped. With the consent of the Iskra leadership in Kiev, Makar had mobilized her for active duty once more.

Katya knew that the local organization was plagued with crisis but she did not have time to analyze the causes, aspects and ramifications. She too hoped that the strike would heal the wounds that were caused by the tactless action of the young and inexperienced Iskra agents. She told me she had rented her room for the duration of the strike; that I was to deliver the proclamations not later than 5 o'clock in the morning, or else it would be too late to reach the strike headquarters in Chechelevke. She would be waiting for me near her open window that faced a narrow, quiet street. Since there were no pedestrians at this early hour it would be safe to hand her the bundles through the window. The daughter of a nobleman from Viatka Gubernya, she would be dressed in a peasant's outfit. After receiving the pamphlets she would board the first street car leaving Soborny Place near her room and be off to the strike headquarters.

"But why so early in the morning?" I asked.

"Because later the streets leading to the strike headquarters are visited by many gendarmes and police spies. It would be difficult to penetrate their net even for 'an old peasant woman' like me," she said.

I promised to carry out her instructions, but I insisted that I must have the manuscripts in the afternoon of the preceding day. With outdated machinery like ours it took seven to eight hours to print about 5,000 broadsides.

Katya, very cooperative, promptly worked out a speedier communication system between us. The girl who carried the manuscript from Ilya Polansky made faster deliveries to the house where the housekeeper Shapiro was waiting for her. We on the other hand contributed our share of speed and promptness to the project.

Every morning at 4 o'clock a young man who looked younger than his 19 years and was loaded with pamphlets hidden under his topcoat sneaked out through the back door of the shop and walked calmly toward Yekaterinoslav (now Leninsky) Prospect. There he turned right, up the hill to Soborny Place that led to the Greek Orthodox church. My next move was to enter the nearby trolley-passenger waiting-room and size up my surroundings cautiously. Then I walked over to Katya's room and if there were no pedestrians nearby I threw the bundle through her open window. The thump of the bundle awakened her and she replied with a signal of approval.

Only once did we encounter a disturbing incident. It happened when a night watchman was slowly making his rounds around the block. At that moment I was nearing Katya's window, and noticing the watchman I pretended I'd forgotten something and turned back. Fortunately, Katya had presence of mind. Grabbing her food basket, she left her room and headed for the passenger waiting room. Silently I followed her at a short distance. When a trolley came, she boarded it and I climbed aboard after her. Innocently I sat down next to her, and when the conductor looked in another direction I placed the package of leaflets in her food basket and left the trolley.

Our proclamations, written by Polansky, the future

mayor of Yekaterinoslav, were warmly received by the working classes. This was rather surprising to me. I thought his writings lacked temperament and revolutionary spirit. Nevertheless countless workers who read them left their jobs and flocked to the mass meetings. They responded enthusiastically to the speakers; namely, the brothers Baron and Bur Essen, the workers Chirkin and Arseny, and Yekaterina Groman.

Katya particularly was a great favorite with the working masses. She was a young, blonde and beautiful woman who possesed a superbly strong, resounding voice that greatly appealed to her listeners. All the speakers were so closely surrounded by the masses that the numerous gendarmes and spies couldn't get close to them.

At the beginning of the strike the committee issued demands that were mostly of a purely economic nature. But the very first time she addressed the strikers, Katya noticed that they responded more enthusiastically when she criticized the government than when she attacked the factory administrators. Her subsequent speeches were directed against the government's hostile policy toward the workers and barbaric treatment of the peasants and the masses in general.

The governor brought the Cossacks into action in order to intimidate the workers and keep them on thir jobs. An order was issued to the workers not to strike but they ignored the order and took to the streets in droves. Then the order was given to shoot at the strikers. Results: Eleven workers were killed, and twelve were wounded on the first day of the strike.

The massacre of the strikers electrified more workers into action. Industries and guilds that did not respond the first day of the strike joined the strikers' ranks on the following days. They crowded the mass meetings by the thousands. The roar of approval of the rousing speeches was heard in distant neighborhoods. Many strikers shouted: "Down with the Czarist rule! The shooting will not stop us! This is the beginning of the revolution!" — So wrote the future member of the Soviet government, Peoples Commissar Victor Nogin, in his memoirs.

Here is another excerpt from Nogin's book:

"I was entrusted with the mission of organizing a print shop and for this purpose I secured the services of Comrade Sasha Gorodskoy, who accomplished the task with great success." (See the book *Yekaterinoslav*, p.364) The leaders of the organization knew me by the names of "Sasha Gorodskoy" and "Sasha the Typesetter."

Earlier in his Nogin wrote: "When I arrived in Yekaterinoslav in 1903 I found a very weak organization of local Iskra people, altogether about 35 members. Among them I remember: Gurevich. Sergey Obraztson and Ilya Polansky. Among the activists were: Misha Zavodsky (Vilanov) and Sasha Gorodskoy." He never knew my real name.

Victor Nogin was very frugal with words. He didn't mention his very close friend Yekaterina Groman (with whom he was exiled to Siberia), the most active and most prominent of all members. It is possible he did this on purpose, because at the time he wrote his memoirs her name was not kosher anymore in Soviet Russia. She was an active Menshevik; he, a loyal Bolshevik.

BOLSHEVIKS AND MENSHEVIKS IN PRISON

The rift in the Yekaterinoslav Social Democratic Organization was healed with the conclusion of the strike. The merger of our efforts for the strike eradicated dissension and mistrust between the two factions. Makar was the first one to realize this and he ordered the thirty-five members of the opposition to dissolve their organization, which they did.

The print shop that I organized finally obtained the services of a new typesetter and I was relieved of my job. However, the Joint Committee asked me to remain as the leader of the Yekaterinoslav city district as well as its representative in the Center. Realizing that most of the leaders (except Nogin) were compelled to leave the city after the strike was over, I accepted the post, which I held for the short period of five weeks.

Through an odd turn of events I was unexpectedly arrested on suspicion of being a striker and a distributor of strike leaflets. I was temporarily detained in the police station adjacent to the city prison.

A few days later I was transferred from the police station to the city prison. The transfer did not call for any protests on my part. During my short stay in the police station I became convinced that the officer in charge fully earned his reputation as a despotic persecutor of political prisoners. The officer in charge of the prison, on the other hand, was known as a civilized man who lacked the sadistic tendencies of his colleague at the police station.

In the prison I found a large group of political prisoners, most of whom had been arrested as a result of the recent general strike. I knew many of them personally, especially my old friend David Braginsky, who was the most important leader of the opposition during the party-rift. Now we shared a prison cell together.

His first question was: "Any news about the party conference in London?"

I had quite a bit of information about this conference of the Social Democratic Workers Party. I had been present at one of the secret meetings of the United Committee, at which Lakerman, the delegate from Rostov, was a guest speaker. He reported that twenty-six organizations were represented at the London conference through forty-three delegates who enjoyed full voting rights. Also present were a smaller number of party activists who could take part in the discussions but had no right to vote. Yekaterinoslav was represented by two delegates. The mandate commission admitted them in spite of the fact that they represented but a few dozen members, while the opposition claimed 800 members.

Lakerman reported that of the two Yekaterinoslav

delegates, Fyodor announced that he would remain abroad to continue with his education, while the other, Lensky Leonidov, had severed his relations with the Social Democratic party in order to join the Anarchist movement. Years later, when the Bolsheviks took over the government, Leonidov returned to Russia and became a Marxist-Leninist.

Lakerman pointed out that of the forty-three voting delegates only one belonged to the so-called moderate ideology of the *Rabochy Delo*. All the others were dedicated followers of the radical *Iskra* line.

And yet we were not happy with the outcome, Although this important conference had been arranged by the *Iskra* people along the lines of their policies, it ended with a split in the *Iskra* ranks — a split that was more severe and surrounded with more bitterness than any of our previous disputes and battles.

"How did all this happen?" asked Braginsky impatiently.

I had to admit that the answer to this cardinal question was out of my reach at the moment. From Lakerman's report I gathered that the first bone of contention emerged during the discussion of the question: Who is to be considered a member of the party?

Two schools of thought came to light at this debate. One was Martov's, the other Lenin's.

Martov's formula stated: a member of the party is one who accepts its program, supports it financially and helps out with work regularly under the leadership of one of its organizations.

Lenin on the other hand seemed to be limiting the rights of the individual members. His formula stated: to be considered a member of the party, one must not only accept its program but must personally participate in one of the party's organizations.

From further discussions regarding the party's charter it became obvious that Lenin was striving to limit the membership of the party to professional revolutionary activists only, while Martov and his friends would admit active, enlightened workers who because of the burdens of their daily life could not participate full time in Party activities. They gave their free time to the party, distributed pamphlets, collected funds, or participated in demonstrations, etc., but because of their daily work-load could not always join committees or secret organizations.

The membership resolution was voted upon twice, and Lenin was the loser in both cases. The first vote was Martov 28, Lenin 22, one abstention; the second vote: Martov, 35, Lenin, 1, and 12 abstentions.

However, when the delegates voted on the make-up of the *Iskra* staff and the other central administrative bodies, Lenin emerged the winner. The reason for the reversal was obvious to everyone. It was due to the action of the five Bund (Jewish Socialist) delegates, who in the early sessions had voted with the Martov majority faction. But when the Bundist resolution for national-cultural autonomy for the Bund was defeated by the conference, the Bund delegates demonstrated their protests by dramatically walking out. This left the Lenin forces with a slight advantage in the number of delegates. (On the first vote the total was forty-three; on the second ballot the total is given as forty-eight, although the author states there were only forty-three voting delegates. The discrepancy is not explained — editor's note.)

Small though it was, this advantage played an important role in the ensuing crucial decisions as to whether democracy or dictatorship should prevail in the central leadership of the party. These decisions gave the *Iskra* faction and the committees under Lenin's leadership tremendous power to control party affairs and greatly weakened the autonomy of the local committees.

It was this victory, declared Lakerman, that made the Central Committee — particularly the segment that functioned abroad under Lenin's dominance — the all powerful ruler of the party. The members of the local committees were selected or rejected by the almighty Central Committee or its agents from above, without the slightest hint of local autonomy.

The opposition, which boasted of such important spokesmen as Martov, Axelrod, Potresov and Trotzky, viewed Lenin's victory as a maneuver to render the party into a body of plotters with Lenin as its supreme commander — a maneuver they considered dangerous and detrimental to the organization.

An atmosphere of hatred and belligerency prevailed toward the end of the conference. When the agenda called for election of members to the Central Committee, Lenin's opponents refused to nominate candidates. As a result, only three members were elected to the Central Committee and all three were dedicated followers of Lenin's policies. As a further consequence the minority group, who in reality constituted the majority until the walkout of the Bund delegation, boycotted the elections for all central officers.

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Braginsky was shocked by my summary. Other members of the former opposition group were skeptical of my interpretation of Lakerman's report. It's impossible, they wishfully thought, that a revolutionary like Lenin would assume such an anti-proletariat position in matters of autonomy and voting rights of the working classes. Such an attitude could be expected from young inexperienced leaders like Leonidov, Valentyn and his colleagues, who had been sent to us last winter with instructions to abolish the workers' centers and the autonomy we had won sixteen months earlier. We could expect it from them but not from such veteran leaders of the Social Democratic Party as Lenin, Kamenev and Zinovyev.

This, more or less, was the position taken by most of the polical prisoners who participated in our discussions. They occupied the twelve cells of the block annex and the two adjacent sections. The prison administration of that period was considered to be liberal. They did not disturb our "meetings." (A year

later the situation in the prison took a turn for the worse and once again we had to fight for a return of a more liberal policy.) Some of the participants in the debates expressed very interesting thoughts and opinions. They drew heavily on the store of knowledge and experience they now cherished in the depth of their imprisonment.

One prisoner in particular was a brilliant star of erudition and literary excellence. His real name was Victor Alexandrovich Vanovsky, a son of senator Vanovsky. His party pseudonym was Piotr Petrovich. He was a newcomer to the Yekaterinoslav organization, but was a veteran of the S.D. movement, which he had joined in 1890. He had served several terms in Czarist prisons, including a three-year sentence in the fortress of Petropavlovsk. He also had worked in underground print shops in central Russia and had written brilliant articles in Marxist journals, where he excelled as a distinguished thinker and masterful writer.

Victor's older brother, Alexander, had been a delegate from Moscow to the first Social Democratic conference held in Minsk in 1898. Later he was to become a printer in underground shops of central and northern Russia. After the Bolshevik revolution of 1918-1919 he escaped to Japan, where he enjoyed a long tenure as a professor of philosophy in a Japanese university. Through some quirk of fate Victor remained stuck in Tumen, western Siberia.

During the first days of our discussions in prison Victor Vanovsky never uttered a word. He sat near his cell window on the balcony above us and listened in complete silence. When we insisted that he too offer an opinion in the debate, he consented under one condition — he would present his opinions through a written discourse.

After three days of waiting we were finally given a bulky manuscript which he had smuggled through his window when the guard looked the other way. The manuscript went its rounds from cell to cell until almost everyone of the political prisoners had read it.

His opinions and thoughts were a revelation to all of us. It seemed that before going to prison Victor had memorized all important passages of Lenin's famous pamphlet "Chto Delat?" (What's to be done?) and was now ready with his reply. And his reply was a sweeping, critical attack on the brochure that was considered by Lenin's followers as the holy Bible of Bolshevism.

Incidentally, it turned out that in our section of the prison I was the only one who had read the Bolshevik gospel before the arrests. I had borrowed it from a friend for two days, read it with great interest, but did not have enough time to digest its contents thoroughly. As it was, I was not an exception in this matter. Many prominent Menshevik leaders, such as Martov, Don, Potresov and Plekhanov admitted in the *Iskra* that at first they had highly praised Lenin for his "Chto Delat?" and then reversed their opinions about it.

Victor Vanovsky quoted some of the more interesting chapters of Lenin's pamphlet, especially those parts that dealt with Lenin's philosophy of history. I read Lenin's unorthodox ideas once more, dwelt deeply into Vanovsky's comments and opinions and finally came to the conclusion that he had correctly analyzed the hidden meaning of Lenin's gospel as being in direct contradiction to our Marxist philosophy. Gradually, I came to the conclusion that in the idealogical struggle I belonged in the ranks of the Democratic Socialists of the Menshevik doctrine.

(I don't know what happened to Vanovsky's manuscript. I was told it was sent out of Russia and was lost along the way.)

An additional factor helped me to reach my decision. Thanks to our "mailman," Dunya Zarhevskaya (who was to become my wife and life-partner), we were now getting the new issues of *Iskra* which were being published by the old editorial staff, excluding Lenin. We gorged ourselves with the famous articles written by Pavel Axelrod, Potresov and Trotzky — articles that contained the same excerpts and drew the same inferences as Vanovsky's manuscript.

What are these excerpts that we so emphatically opposed?

I regret that it's impossible to cover them all in the limited framework of my present writings. I'll therefore cite just those passages in Lenin's pamphlet that drew the strongest opposition from me and my colleagues.

Lenin writes: "The histories of all nations testify that depending on its own faculties the working class is capable of conceiving a trade-union consciousness, which means that the workers must unite in trade-unions, must fight their employers, must demand from the government favorable laws for the working people, etc. The doctrine of Socialism, however, had its origin in the philosophical, historical and economic theories that were conceived by members of the well-to-do classes, the intelligentsiya. The founders of scientific Socialism, Marx, Engels and Lassalle were, by their social status, members of the bourgeous intelligentsiya."

In his pamphlet "Chto Delat?" Lenin stresses this fundamental point repeatedly. For instance, he wrote that the workers movement by itself can develop and establish trade-unions, but the trade-unions movement of the working class is a bourgeois movement. The workers cannot develop their own Social Democratic consciousness. It must be imported from the outside, Lenin writes.

Criticizing this particular point, Vanovsky cited the classical trade unions of the British workers, where the Labour Party (a Socialist party) came into existence without the slightest influence of Marx, Engels or Lassalle. Its organizers and leaders, such as Keir Hardy, Henderson and MacDonald, never liked Marxism and don't like it now.

Vanovsky further argues that even in Russia our history provides us with facts that effectively contradict Lenin's doctrine. He reminds the Marxist Lenin that Marx and Engels had the following to say about this subject: "The ideal imprint of socialism on the

minds of the workers affects those workers who suffer from capitalism the most — the working classes. Scientific socialism represents a reflection of the workers movement." (See chapter, "The development of scientific socialism", in Engels' *Anti-Diring*)

One debater reminded Vanovsky that this had happened in Europe; but that in Russia the movement developed along different lines, that the first Social Democrats, the "Free the Workers Group," consisted exclusively of the intelligentsiya: G. Plekhanov, W. Zasulitch, F.B. Axelrod, Lev Daitch and W.F. Ignatov.

Vanovsky replied that this was only partly true. The Free the Workers Group was founded outside of Russia in 1883, but the first Socialist program in Russia had been issued four years earlier — in 1879 — by the Severny Rabochi Soyuz (Northern Workers Union), whose founders were a blacksmith, Obnarsky, and a cabinet maker, Chalturin.

Vanovsky continued: "This program publicized — for the first time in Russia — the most important theses of the socialist doctrine in Western Europe. It even included the Program-Maximum, which outlines the ultimate aims of socialism, and Program-Minimum, the political, economic and social reforms of the present."

These and other ideas of Lenin which were brought to light through our discussions in the Yekaterinoslav prison left a deep impression on the majority of the Social Democratic prisoners.

The longer the discussions lasted and the more we studied Lenin's theories, the deeper we delved into the massive socialist literature that was smuggled in through underground channels, thanks to Dunya Zarzhevskaya. We were eager to learn the significance of Lenin's theories about the role that "blind" and "conscious" forces play in social life, and about the masses of workers who, according to Lenin, were destined to be led by the intellectuals. These were the reasons we became avid readers of the massive material sent to us by both the Lenin followers and the group that opposed him.

Among the prisoners were some Social Democrats who sided with Lenin. They called themselves Bolsheviks and did not agree with our opinions. One of them was Nikolai Skripnik, a stalwart of Bolshevism who wrote articles in *Iskra* before the party-rift and in Lenin's publications after the rift. Years later he would become a member of the Bolshevik Central Committee before and after the Bolshevik victory. Still later, he would become the head of the Bolshevik government in the Ukraine — a position he held until his tragic death during the Stalin mass terror. He was later rehabilitated — 24 years after his death.

(According to an article that appeared in an official Soviet Ukraine publication in the 1960's and read to me by Mark Khinoy, a crucial element in Skripnik's rehabilitation was the evidence that Dunya Zarzhevskaya had attempted to smuggle out of prison a letter by Skripnik to *Iskra* calling upon workers to support the Leninist position. The letter was intercepted by the chief of the gendarmes, who showed it to Mark and assured him that it was not dangerous to his cause. Existence of the letter, found in the government archives, confirmed that Skripnik had been a loyal Bolshevik from the earliest days. Skripnik was sentenced to exile in Siberia, but because of the Japanese war was sent to Archangelsk. He escaped, made his way to Odessa, and from there was sent as a Bolshevik delegate to the third conference of the international Social Democratic party. — Editor's note.)

The number of intellectual Bolsheviks among us was very small and their influence over the enlightened factory workers, Nikolai Borisenko, Yegor Kuznetzov, Nikifor Kashkin and Yakov Kravchenko, was limited. (Kravchenko was a leader of the workers in the railroad shops of the Yekaterinoslav railroad system. He was the uncle of Walter Kravchenko, a Soviet delegate to the United States who asked for and obtained political asylum in the U.S., wrote his book *I Chose Freedom*, New York, 1946, and as a result became well known throughout the civilized world.)

Some of the working class prisoners asked logical questions, but the Bolsheviks could not always give them satisfactory answers. Once during a discussion one of the workers (I think it was Kravchenko) told a Bolshevik intellectual that "a Social Democratic organization that considers an enlightened worker as a stepchild is not worth a broken kopek. We in Yekaterinoslav always fought for equal rights with the intelligentsiya and we will continue to do so. Lenin's pamphlet opened my eyes and convinced me that it's very important not to allow anyone with a diploma from a gymnaziya or university to dictate to and hold sway over us."

Another man chimed in: "Yekaterinoslav will never again find itself in the Bolshevik camp."

And I want to augment this statement with: "It never did again."

With the exception of a few short periods during the arrests of the Menshevik members, when our Bolshevik opponents replaced us on the committee, all leading organizations in Yekaterinoslav followed the Menshevik line. They continued to do so until 1917, when the Lenin regime dispersed the Constituent Assembly and proclaimed the Dictatorship of the Proletariat — a dictatorship which was considered by many workers as a Dictatorship *over* the Proletariat.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE GALLOWS

Excerpts from a speech delivered by Mark Khinoy at a reception given for the Ambassador of the Kerensky government in Chicago on Aug. 4, 1917:

... Sixteen years have elapsed since I began taking an active part in the Russian revolutionary movement. Years of many happy and unforgettable moments ... but also years of pain, distress and torture. I endured torment and agony in prisons, in Siberia, and in exile here and abroad; tension in the secret printing plant of Stolypin's Ministry of Internal Affairs where I was smuggled in — under an assumed name, naturally — after I had spent years in Siberian prisons; *agony in the Sokolnitsa prison of Moscow, where the shadow of the Czar's hangman hovered over my head three days and three nights.* But at no place and at no time did I ever doubt that the gravediggers of the Czarist rule — the working masses — would accomplish their historic mission, and with the help of the other social groups, free the Russian people from the feudal chains imposed on them by the Czars.

HELP FROM A BOLSHEVIK

Excerpts from an article by Mark Khinoy in the Jewish Daily Forward in April 1935 on the death of the veteran Bolshevik, Piotr Germagenovitch Smidovitch, former Vice President of Soviet Russia:

Speaking of passports I am reminded of an incident that characterizes the deceased (Smidovich):

While serving a sentence in a Moscow prison in 1907 under the name of Kolokoltzev, I received through secret channels a small package containing 200 rubles, a contribution from the private strike fund of our professional union. This was the accomplishment of the Bolshevik Smidovich, who came to the assistance of the Menshevik Khinoy (alias Zacharov, Kolokoltzev) so he could escape from Siberia to which he was about to be exiled once again.

It was the same Smidovich who came to my rescue when he provided me with an "iron" (valid) passport under the name of Konstantin Lemberg (a Moscow Boshevik who lived with his parents and could get along without one). This happened in the fall of 1907 after I had escaped once more from Turuchansk in northeastern Siberia and stopped over in Moscow on my way to St. Petersburg. Thanks to this valid passport I succeeded in obtaining a job in a secret department of the Czarist ministry's printing plant in St. Petersburg. A year later I was arrested again with my wife Dunya Zarzhevskaya in our apartment courtyard. The police soon let me go — they did not know who I was — but they sent Dunya Zarzhevskaya to prison. The K. Lemberg passport helped me to escape before the Okhranka (secret police) could find out my real identity as an escaped prisoner.

ARCHIVES DATA

(Official translation of documents received by Mark Khinoy from the Consulate General of the U.S.S.R. in December 1934):

Materials of the Revolutionary Archives contain the following information about KHINNYI (Khinoy), MARK (Meyer) SHMUELEV, *meshchanin** of town Tchechere, district of Rogachev, province of Mogilev. Born October 21, 1884. Occupation typesetter.

The correspondence of the Police Department discloses that in 1903 Khinnyi (Khinoy), Meyer Shmuelev was called for an inquiry to the Yekaterinoslav Province Gendarme Department as one accused of distributing revolutionary literature and was sentenced by the Kharkov Court to incarceration in a fortress for 16 months.

In 1906, by administrative order, he was exiled from Yekaterinoslav to the province of Tobol'sk (Siberia) and there put under police surveillance. In the same year he escaped from the place of exile.

On October 26, 1906, Khinoy, M. Sh. was arrested at a conspiratorial address in Moscow, with a forged passport issued on the name of a Syzranski meshchanin, Peter Kolokol'tzev. He was detained at the Moscow Province Jail, was arraigned at the Moscow Gendarme Dept. and accused of belonnging to the revolutionary organization R.S.D.R.P. (Russian Social Democratic Workers Party).

(This ends the correspondence. No other information found in the Archives.)

Grounds: cases No. 1399-1 906, file (?) 5 and No. 10252/ year 906, file 7.

Signed;
Istomin
Director of Revolutionary Archives

*Meshchanin—one belonging to the lower middle class.

The Revolutionary Archives contain information concerning one ZHARZHEVSKAYA, DINA (Dunya) ARONOVNA, *meshchanka** of Yekaterinoslav. Born July 20, 1883. By trade a modiste. Alias — POZNYSH, ALEXANDRA PHILLIPOVNA.

From the correspondence of the Police Dept. for the year 1907 it is evident that Zharzhevskaya, Dina Aronovna (a Jewess), was under surveillance since 1903 by the Yekaterinoslav Okhranka**, as a member of the Social-Democratic group. Since 1904 she occupied an important place in the local organization of the S-Dem., taking part in meetings of the district groups with the intent of spreading criminal propaganda among the workers.

Left Yekaterinoslav in 1905. Destination unknown.

In 1906, Zharzhevskaya was arraigned by the Moscow Province Gendarme Dept. under the Statute of Protection of the State and was put under arrest.

On April 7, 1907, together with a group of 30 persons who were arrested in Yekaterinoslav when the local S-D organization was conducting a meeting at which participants of the 9th Conference of the district organization were also present, Zharzhevskaya was imprisoned.

By the order of the Governor of the Yekaterinoslav Province she was forbidden to reside within the borders of

the province during the time of the extraordinary and intensified surveillance.

In November of 1908, Zharzhevskaya, D.A. was arrested in St. Petersburg for residing there with a forged passport on the name of a peasant of the Province of Vitebsk, District of Dvinsk — Alexandra Phillipovna Poznysh — and was arraigned before the St. Petersburg Secret Political Police Dept.

Grounds: Cases No. 6807/ year 907, file 7; 76/ year 905.

No mention that Zharzhevskaya, D.A. gave birth to a daughter Alexandra in Lithuanian Castle is found in the Archives.

Signed:
Istomin
Director of the Revolutionary Archives

*Meshchanka—a (female) member of the lower middle class.

**Okhranka—Secret Political Police Dep't.

From the Jewish Daily Forward of Feb.2, 1941:

DENA KHINOY,
WIFE OF FORWARD
WRITER, IS DEAD

Mrs. Dena Khinoy, wife of Forward writer Mark Khinoy, died yesterday, Sunday, at her home, 318 W. 100th St., after a prolonged illness. The funeral ceremonies will take place tomorrow, Tuesday, at Garlick's Funeral Parlor, 367 Grand St. She will be buried in the Workmen's Circle "labor Pantheon" section of Mt. Carmel Cemetery, Queens.

Mrs. Khinoy was 57 years old. She was born in Yekaterinoslav, Russia, where she was active in the revolutionary movement from an early age. Her father was a prosperous painting contractor. Her maiden name was Dunya Aronovna Zharzhevskaya. She was exiled many times from her birthplace and kept under strict police surveillance. She was married to Mark Khinoy, himself an active revolutionary under the assumed names of "Vasily Zacharov" and "Konstantin Lemberg." In the fall of 1908 husband and wife were arrested in St. Petersburg and sent to prison, the police disregarding Mrs. Khinoy's advanced stage of pregnancy. On Dec. 2, 1908, she gave birth to their first child, a daughter, Alexandria (so named in honor of one of Mrs. Khinoy's assumed names), in the women's prison, Litovsky Zamok, in St. Petersburg (now Leningrad).

In this country Mrs. Khinoy was active in the Socialist and labor movements, having been a member of the Russian Socialist Organization, the Social Democratic Federation, the American Labor Party and Branch 352 Workmen's Circle.

She is survived by her husband Mark Khinoy; two children, Alexandria Khinoy, a teacher at the Ethical Culture School, and Andrew Khinoy, a journalist with a Philadelphia English-language daily; and three sisters in Chicago, Mrs. Rose Myer; Mrs. Dasha Taslitz and Mrs. Belyuta Levin.

Translation of News Item, Jewish Daily Forward, February 12, 1941:

MANY COMRADES AND FRIENDS
AT THE FUNERAL OF
MRS. DENA KHINOY

A large number of comrades, friends and acquaintances attended funeral services for Mrs. Dena Khinoy, wife of Mark Khinoy, a member of the *Forward* editorial staff. They came to pay their last respects to a quiet, affectionate, self-effacing Socialist activist who had devoted her entire life to advancing the struggle for a better world.

Garlick's funeral parlor at 367 Grand Street was packed above capacity. Joining the mourning of the bereaved family were former fellow-exiles who like Dena endured imprisonment in Russia; a group of Irish women whose homes she helped to save in Sunnyside Gardens (N.Y.); many members and co-workers of the *Jewish Daily Forward*, the Workmen's Circle, and Socialist and Labor organizations.

Many spoke of her revolutionary activities in the old country and of her participation in the various facets of the Socialist movement in this country. They all mourned the untimely death of this courageous woman whose constant smile covered a multitude of pains and illnesses that she endured throughout her adult life. In their eulogies the speakers praised her untiring efforts in the bitter struggle to improve the lot of the laboring masses. They pointed out that her life-long dream of a better world had not been tainted by the onslaughts perpetrated by Communism and Fascism.

Among the speakers were: Raphael Abramovitch, on behalf of the foreign delegation of the Russian Social Democrats; Levin-Shatskes, editor of the *Wecker* and secretary of the Jewish Socialist Verband; William Carlin, of the Social Democratic Federation; David Braginsky, of the United Hebrew Trades and Socialist branch in Philadelphia; H. Zharkovsky, Branch 352 Workmen's Circle; Miss Garry, of the Sunnyside Gardens Community Association (who spoke of Dena's leadership role in the Sunnyside Gardens "mortgage strike"); Beryl Botvinik (who conducted the Bintele Brief column), of the *Forward* staff; I. Viliatzer, of the New York group Russian Social Democrats.

Among those present were: Friedrich Adler, secretary of the Socialist International, and his wife; Fyodor Don and his wife; Yugov and his wife, and many other well-known Socialists.

She was brought to her eternal rest at Mount Carmel Cemetery, Queens.

A number of organizations and individuals sent telegrams of sympathy to the Khinoy family. Among them were: American Labor Party, 9th Assembly District; Social Democratic Federation; Jewish Socialist Verband; Foreign Delegation, Russian Social Democrats, New York group; Emanuel Novogorodsky and Franz Gursky, central committee of the Bund in Poland; Mrs. B. Charney Vladeck and family; Mr. and Mrs. Polin, Chicago;* Mr. and Mrs. Weinberg, Detroit; Mr. and Mrs. Siegel, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Edelberg, Chicago; Louis Arkin, Boston; Dr. William Quitt, Baltimore; Hilliard Bernstein, Leo Rosett and Ar-

thur Brown, of the American Labor Party; Mrs. Baranov, widow of Dr. Baranov, and Mr. Shimkin, editor of *Novo Russkoye Slovo*, and his wife.

* Alexandria identifies the following in this list: The Polins and Siegals were former co-workers and friends from Chicago; the Edelbergs signified Ida Levin Edelberg, Belyuta's daughter; Louis Arkin was a former co-worker and friend of Mark's; Dr. William (Volodya) Quitt, a Baltimore dentist who had been an active revolutionary in Russia, was the widowed husband of Dena's youngest sister Nadya, who had died before the Khinoys arrived in the States; Hilliard Bernstein was a friend of Alex in the American Labor Party, which later became the Liberal Party; Dr. Baranov had been an active Menshevik and close friend of Mark and Dena.)

A TRIBUTE TO DENA KHINOY

Excerpts from an article, "Genuine Idealism," by Leah Kissman in the Wecker, weekly organ of the Jewish Socialist Verband, in February 1941, on the occasion of the passing of Dena Khinoy:

"Mrs. Khinoy was endowed with exceptional qualities. She was a life-long true friend to her husband, an endearing mother to her children, a devoted sister and dedicated kinswoman to her family, and a genuine friend of humanity.... Like a magnet she drew people to herself effortlessly and and surrounded them with charm, warmth and togetherness. Over and above these qualities she was blessed with the spirit and will power of a true idealist.

"Early in life she had joined the Russian revolutionary movement for a better world to live in and for the alleviation of suffering humanity. When she was only thirteen years old she led a strike of seamstresses in her home town....

"As an active revolutionary she landed in a Czarist prison. There she gave birth to her first child, enduring the pain and agony of confinement during the worst period of a woman's life. But even under those trying conditions she bore her fate with mute inner courage — a quality unique in her character all through her life. The immediate concern for her infant did not diminish her humane interest in her fellow prisoners, most of whom were ordinary criminals. As in prison, so throughout her life, she worked and worried for the suffering downtrodden masses....

"In Dena Khinoy you will find the difference between an ordinary person and one whose heart and mind embrace humanity the world over."

From the Jewish Daily Forward, October 1941:

MANY ATTEND UNVEILING OF DENA KHINOY'S TOMBSTONE

"Many Jewish and Russian socialists, labor leaders and friends attended the unveiling ceremony of a tombstone on the grave of the late Mrs. Dena Khinoy, noted Russian Jewish Social-Democratic activist.

" Paying their last respects to the deceased were representatives of many Jewish, Russian and American organizations in which she was actively engaged for the last thirty years, devoting her time and energy to the advancement of the Russian and international labor movements.

"Brief eulogies were delivered by Beryl Botwinik, M. Shore, Dr. S. Magin, H. Rosenfeld, A. Seidenberg (from Philadelphia), Vera Alexandrova, F. Mansvetov, S. Sher, and H. Zharkovsky of Branch 352 Workmen's Circle.

"Comrades Nathan Chanin, educational director of the Workmen's Circle; Levin-Shatzkes, general secretary of the Jewish Socialist Federation (Verband), and other Socialist and civic leaders who were attending the Verband convention sent messages of condolence and regret to the bereaved family. Similar messages of sympathy and sorrow were also received from Raphael Abramovich, president, Foreign Delegation of the Russian Social-Democratic Party; A. Yugov, former general secretary of the party, and many other co-activists in the struggle for a free Russia and a better world to live in."

From the Jewish Daily Forward *of Saturday, April 20, 1968:*

MARK KHINOY, MEMBER OF "FORWARD" EDITORIAL STAFF, DIED AT AGE OF 83

Mark Khinoy, a member of the *Forward* editorial staff for many years, a prominent Socialist activist and journalist, died Thursday at the Jacobi Hospital in the Bronx after a long illness. He was 83 years old.

His death saddened his many friends and colleagues at the *Forward* as well as in the Socialist movement in America, with which he was affiliated for many years after his illegal revolutionary activities in Czarist Russia.

He is survived by his wife, Clara; two married children, Andrew and Alexandria; three grandchildren, and an adopted daughter, Mrs. Jocelyn Simpson, who has three children.

The funeral services will take place tomorrow, Sunday, at 10:30 a.m., at Gutterman's funeral chapel, Broadway and 66th Street, New York. Interment will be at the Mount Carmel Cemetery, Queens.

Khinoy, who was a member of the Forward Association for almost 50 years, was a member of Branch 352 Workmen's Circle. In addition to his writing as a member of the *Forward* staff, he also wrote articles in the *Wecker* and in Russian and English journals including the Menshevist publication *Socialisticheski Vestnik* and the *New Leader*. His book *From the Czarist and Communist Underground* was published three years ago. Among the many societies and organizations in which he was active were the Jewish Socialist Verband, the New Leader Association, League for Industrial Democracy, Fund for Russian Writers, Yiddish Scientific Institute, and the Yiddish Writers Union. He retired a few years, due to his age and health, as a regular contributor to the editorial staff of the *Forward*....

In 1905 he became a member of the Yekaterinoslav Soviet of Worker-Deputies, in 1906 secretary of the Legal Organization of City Workers in Moscow. With the knowl-

edge of the party, he worked under a false name, Lemberg, in the Internal Ministry in Moscow as a foreman of Linotype machines in a secret department of the ministry. He was imprisoned four times and exiled twice to Siberia, from which he escaped both times. In 1908 he fled to Paris, where he worked as a translator in Russian and French, and at the same time devoted his time to the activities of the Russian Social Democratic Party. In 1913 he emigrated to America.

In the United States he was an editorial-secretary for a few years for the Chicago edition of the Russian Socialist paper *Novy Mir*, but after the Bolshevik uprising in 1917 he discontinued his association with Novy Mir as well as with the Russian Federation of the American Socialist Party when the Bolsheviks took over the Federation. In 1921 he moved to New York, where he joined the Forward staff and became a contributor to the Wecker.

Khinoy's articles, which were published in the Forward as well as in Russian and English-language journals, usually dealt with problems of Socialism and the union movement; economic and political trends in Russia; the theory and practice of Communism, and international politics. He was a member for quite a few years of the regular editorial staff of the New Leader, and many of his articles appeared in the *Zukunft*.

His outstanding series of articles on conditions in the Soviet Union appeared in the Forward and the New Leader after a trip he made to Russia in 1934. They were praised highly and were translated and reprinted widely in English, Swedish, German and Russian emigre publications.

Khinoy wrote under the pseudonyms of Lemberg, L. Markin, M. Samuelov and L. Berg.

His first wife, Dena Zarjevsky, died in 1941. (His second wife was Helen Simpson; that marriage ended in divorce.) In 1950 he married Clara Rosenfeld, whose first husband was the famous Yiddish author Jonah Rosenfeld, who died in 1944.

Khinoy lived in an apartment at Brightwater Court in Brighton Beach. At the time of his death he was a resident of the Workmen's Circle Home in the Bronx.

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Eulogy

BY SOLOMON SCHWARTZ

(Delivered in Russian at the funeral of Mark Khinoy on April 21, 1968. Solomon Schwartz was a long-time member of the executive committee of the New York group of the Russian Mensheviks.)

"In the name of the New York group of Russian Social-Democrats, or as we are often called, Mensheviks, I am here to take final leave of our loyal comrade, for many years a member of the leadership of our group, Mark Samuelovitch Khinoy.

"Mark Khinoy was one of the earliest Mensheviks. Among us are several persons whose revolutionary activities began in the years preceding the first Russian revolution of 1905. Grigori Yakovlevich Aronson, who is present here, and I were active in the movement in those early years. Both of us, however, were then Bolsheviks, as were many others who later became resolute and devoted Mensheviks. I shall name a few of the best-remembered ones: Nikolaievsky, Denike, Kefaly. In those years even Raphael Abramovich was not entirely free of the influence of the ideas of Bolshevism.

"To all of us young Social-Democrats, it seemed that Bolshevism in greater degree than Menshevism exemplified the revolutionary tendencies of social democracy. All of us passed through a complicated road of development until we came to accept Menshevism.

"In this respect, among the revolutionary young people of those days, Khinoy was an exception. In 1903, at the time of the party's split into Mensheviks and Bolsheviks, the 18-year-old Khinoy — an active revolutionary for three years — was a committed Menshevik, a devoted disciple of Axelrod and Martov. To the end of his days he remained true to that belief.

"Khinoy learned typography at an early age. During the first years of his revolutionary activities he worked as a typesetter in underground printing shops. Full of initiative and energy, he soon became a tireless, brave, resourceful organizer of underground typographies. This became his true revolutionary occupation. Arrested several times, he was exiled twice to Siberia. He escaped both times and returned to revolutionary pursuits in the same perilous field — organizing and working in illegal typographies.

"In 1908, when the clouds of pursuit over Khinoy's head grew heavier and darker, he fled abroad, to Paris. There he immediately became active in the circles of the Menshevik emigres. In 1913 he came to the United States, where he remained to the end of his days. He actively participated not only in the Russian Social Democratic movement but also in Yiddish and general Ammerican labor organizations as a propagandist, organizer and journalist. He began to write Russian quite early, developed fluency in Yiddish, which offered him a large range of activity in the *Forward*, and later wrote in English too, mainly in the *New Leader*.

"During World War I he stimulated the Russian immigrants to energetic activities, and collaborated in the *Novy Mir* with the future communists. When the relationship between the Social Democrats and Bolsheviks became sharply strained in 1917, he resolutely severed all connections with organizations which did not separate themselves clearly from Bolshevism. With all his energy he carried on a fight among the Russian and Yiddish immigrants against pro-Bolshevik sympathizers, who were very strong in the first years after the revolution.

"It is characteristic of Khinoy that although he engaged in uncompromising struggle with the Bolshevik illusions, he never slipped into the strictly negative anti-Bolshevism which soon became quite widespread in the revolutionary movement. The positive goals of the struggle for the ideals of democracy and socialism always were before him, and he remained ever a democrat, a socialist and a revolutionary.

"At the start of World War II the center of the Menshevik emigre movement was transferred from Paris to New York. Khinoy became very active in the *Socialistichesky Vestnik*, writing primarily on problems of the American labor movement and American economic and social development. This special function in the Vestnik did not divert

him from active participation in the American and Yiddish labor movements.

"In the name of old comrades and the entire Menshevik group I extend heartfelt sympathy to the family of the deceased. I must also mention his first wife, Dena, the loyal helpmate during the first and hardest part of his life. Vera Alexandrovna and I, soon after our arrival to the United States in 1940 and already aware of her impending and inevitable end, came to visit the Khinoys so as to at least say farewell to this remarkable woman. This meeting left an indelible recollection.

"I offer my sincere sympathy to Dena and Mark's children, who have inherited many of the finer characteristics of both of their parents; and also to the widow of the deceased, who knew how to brighten the difficult, declining years of his life.

"Perhaps the thought that for a long time all of us shall keep kind memories of the departed Mark Khinoy may in some measure help to alleviate their sorrow.

"Farewell, friend!"

A note on typography: Mark would have appreciated the variety of methods used to create this book. The translations and introduction were written on typewriters. The chapters were polished with pen, pencil and paste. The edited version was "inputted" by a typist on a video display terminal (VDT), in whose computer memory the words were stored and and processed. The electronic symbols were displayed and edited again on a VDT screen. A photographic film of the article was produced by a computer-controlled phototypesetting machine. The film print was cut and pasted by hand into the columns appearing on these pages. Finally, all the pages were xerographed for reproduction. A far cry from the metal type and portable printing press that Mark used in his underground printing shops.

MARK KHINOY'S SIBERIAN PRISONS